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THE BLAST-FURNACES OF PITTSBURGH AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE result of the election in New York must cause sensible Republicans to inquire seriously into the condition and prospects of the party. New York is a State so important in a national canvass, and its vote is so uncertain, that the apathy, the internal feuds, and the large trading in Republican votes in the city must lead such Republicans to regard the future with grave distrust. It now appears from the statements of the *Tribune* that large bodies of Republicans would not vote for Mr. DAVENPORT because the Independent Republicans heartily sustained his nomination. The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* confirms this view. Some old Stalwarts also are understood to have taken no pains to vote. The Irish Catholic Democratic vote which was given to Mr. BLAINE, and upon which his managers counted to neutralize the Independent defection from him last year, this year returned to the Democrats, and, with the refusal of the more bitter BLAINE men to vote for the Republican candidate, set off the Independent vote for Mr. DAVENPORT. There seems to have been a distinct purpose on the part of certain Republicans that Mr. DAVENPORT should not be allowed to carry a State which Mr. BLAINE, even with immense Democratic assistance, was unable to carry. All this, with the evident selling out of the local Republican candidates in the city of New York in a Republican deal with Tammany Hall, and the Republican abandonment of non-partisan city government in Brooklyn, shows the party so given over to venal traders and the contest of factions which prefer defeat rather than success under any leadership but their own, that those who still believe the Republican party to be a more promising political agency than the Democratic may well consider whether the party has not developed internal dissensions which, in view of the party tendencies upon actual public questions, are signs of its falling into decadence like the Whig party in 1850–3.

After the election of last year the Republican press of New York declared that the party was never so strong and in such harmonious order. It rejoiced in what it called the departure of the Independents, and assumed that the party had acquired a permanent reinforcement of Irish votes from the Democratic party. Democratic success it described as an accident, the consequences of which the country would promptly correct as soon as it saw plainly that the rebellion had returned, that traitors had captured the White House, and that general disaster and disturbance and danger were at hand. Mr. BLAINE announced from Augusta that the President owed his seat to violence and fraud, thus giving the party cry, which was presently echoed by Senators LOGAN, SHERMAN, HOAR, and EVARTS. The Republican Convention in New York denounced the hypocrisy and falsity of the President, and the party press argued vehemently that the election of Mr. DAVENPORT would be a stern rebuke to Mr. CLEVELAND and the Democratic administration. Meanwhile the country has watched the President as well as read the Republican papers, and it has seen him full of conviction and courage, withstanding the reactionary demand in his party, refusing to make a sweep of the civil service, refraining from all interference with the election in New York, aiming evidently to secure honest administration, and faithful to his declarations, while the general re-establishment of the Confederacy in the Union and the misfortunes of every kind which were so gayly predicted have not occurred. In fact, sensible Republicans must now be aware that the course of the Administration has disposed of the most effective Republican argument—distrust of the Democratic party—and that Republicans can no longer rely upon the attitude and acts of the two parties twenty years ago as sufficient arguments for the present time.

Such Republicans also can not avoid seeing that the factional disputes and the dishonesty of New York city leaders at the polls are fatal to the party. What, then, will they do? The question of a free vote and an honest count in the Southern States and everywhere else is not unheeded by all good citizens. But Republicans have not proved that they can deal with it where it exists, nor that it is possible to deal with it by national legislation, while they have discredited the party name by the MAHONE alliance in Virginia. The Republican party has been represented in the Southern States by carpet-baggers, office-holders, and repudiators. Is that a persuasive introduction? Is that a promising practical way to break "the solid South"? The tariff question is always important. But it is one upon which, in the actual situation, both parties must agree to disagree within themselves. Upon the general financial question the President and his Cabinet have shown no essential difference with the sound sentiment of the country. The Republican party claims to be the party of civil service reform. But no President has ever been so faithful a practical reformer as the Democratic President, and never has the partisan prostitution of the civil service, which is the chief evil, been so small as it is now. But what Republican Convention has acknowledged that the President merits any praise, or has not emphasized the departures from sound principles as the rule of his administration? Judged by that test, what Republican administration would not be overwhelmingly condemned? The situation is one of great difficulty for the Republican party. But it is plain that Republicans who sincerely desire reform will cordially sustain the President in all his efforts to secure it, and will not regard a contest upon the subject between him and his party as a domestic Democratic quarrel with which they have no concern. The next opportunity which will be offered to the Republicans will be the meeting of Congress. If Republican Senators and Representatives shall decide upon a policy of mere obstruction and cavil, they will be judged by the many and grievous defects in the Republican record, and they will certainly do nothing by such a course to restore confidence in the party. What is wanted is not the applause of thick and thin partisans, because that is always sure, but the approval of intelligent citizens, old and young Republicans, who have no personal ambitions or aims whatever, but who have been alienated by many causes. The one thing which can be done, and which will be sure of the best results, is to stand firmly for reform, according to the letter and the spirit of the act of 1882, for its extension to every branch of the service to which it is applicable, and to co-operate honorably with the President for these ends.

THE STERLING CASE.

LAST summer Collector HEDDEN, of New York, summarily removed Mr. BACON, an experienced and competent weigher, of whom no complaint was made, and who was in no sense an offensive partisan, and appointed in his place Mr. STERLING, a Brooklyn politician and henchman of "Boss" McLAUGHLIN, and a saloon keeper. It was understood that the change was made for a political purpose, to promote the nomination of a particular candidate for Governor, and it was so gross a violation of every sound principle of the public service, and in such flagrant disregard of the President's known desire that the Custom-house should not be made a political and party machine, that it produced a general protest; and the President, upon returning from his vacation and learning the facts, decided that the position must be filled by examination, and consequently suspended STERLING and ordered an examination to be held. The suspension under the President's decision was a revocation of the appointment, and left Mr. STERLING in precisely the same position with every one who should present himself for examination.

The succession to the position of weigher is properly a promotion, and the examination, therefore, should be restricted to deputy-weighers and others in the line of promotion. By whom it was decided that this examination should be open to all applicants does not appear. The President states that, for reasons which he mentions, he thought that it should be non-competitive. But as the law and the rules do not permit it, "it was proposed"—but he does not say by whom—that, instead of certifying for appointment the four names at the head of the list, the selection should be made from all who passed the examination. The President states that this course was understood by him and the Commission as the one to be pursued, and it was one which he warmly approved. The only authority that we can find for this course is in the fifth clause of the seventh rule, which provides that in certain special examinations "the certification of those found competent shall be such as the Commission may provide for." But as this clause relates to special examinations which may be competitive or non-competitive, and as it was decided that the weigher's examination must be competitive, it follows that this was not a special examination in the sense of the rule, and therefore the provision of a certification at the pleasure of the Commission does not apply. The rules undoubtedly derive all their validity from the President's approval, and he may unquestionably change or annul them. But in this instance he states that he did not mean to change them, and that the procedure is to be in accordance with the law and the rules, and under the law and the rules, until modified by the President, we do not see how the whole list could be opened for selection.

Should this course be taken in the present instance, it would be a serious blow at the reformed system, because it would appear that the rules were modified to facilitate the selection of a particular person. The objects to be secured by the reformed system are appointment for proved capacity and fitness, to the exclusion of personal and political favoritism, and removal only for legitimate reasons connected with the service. This purpose is accomplished by making the appointment from those who stand highest in a proper examination, and after due probation—a system which destroys the chief illicit reason for wrongful removal. Fair and open competition is indispensable for a method of selection which means to exclude personal favor, and the principle requires the selection of those who stand at the head of the list. Otherwise the selection may be made from all who pass a minimum of excellence, which leaves room among them for the same contest of personal and political favor which is the chief mischief to be corrected. Moreover, when the rule of competition has been established and honestly observed, its relaxation indicates an adverse influence, which will be soon strong enough to lower the minimum so that every applicant can pass—a result which would practically restore the spoils system. We regard the STERLING case, therefore, as one of the highest significance, and we trust that the event will show that there has been no departure from the regular procedure. As we write we hear with regret that it has been decided to submit the whole eligible list to the Collector. If the report be true, whether he appoint Mr. STERLING or not, a precedent which seems to us most mischievous will have been deliberately established. At least if the whole eligible list is to be opened for selection, the minimum requirement should be very much raised without lowering the standard of examination.

MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

AMID unparalleled enthusiasm Mr. GLADSTONE at the age of seventy-six has renewed his Midlothian triumphs. The favorite theory of the London clubs is said to be that he is insane. But no saner speeches have been made in recent times. Mr. GLADSTONE has the grasp of a statesman upon national affairs, and the warm feeling with which he is regarded shows how truly he is held to comprehend and to state the true feeling of the country. The admiration for Lord BEACONSFIELD was always that which is paid to picturesque histrionic ability, not the genuine homage of men to one of whose political sincerity and intellectual powers they are alike conscious.

Undoubtedly the burning question for England now is Ireland, and what Mr. GLADSTONE says upon it can not displease Mr. PARNELL. When the strongest statesman in England, the great leader of the great Liberal party, says, "I am confident that England will never repent giving perfect equality to Ireland,.... assuming that nothing will be demanded that would jeopardize or compromise the unity of the empire," he says substantially what Mr. PARNELL has himself said. On the very day before Mr. GLADSTONE'S remark, Mr. PARNELL had said, in an interview with a correspondent of the *Herald*, when speaking of separation, that adequate concessions of local government by other states to communities in a similar position with that of Ireland had not led to separation, and that he was "entitled to argue that similar peaceful and happy results would follow if similar concessions were made to Ireland." Those who say these things are certainly not very far apart, and Mr. PARNELL undoubtedly feels more satisfied to agree with Mr. GLADSTONE than with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, because he must feel that Mr. GLADSTONE represents more truly the controlling English sentiment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the day after Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, Mr. PARNELL should have said publicly that it was the most important word on the Irish question ever spoken by an English statesman.

The attempt of the Tories, aided by eminent ecclesiastics, to make the disestablishment of the Church the chief issue of the election shows a suspicion that Ireland is not the "best hold" of the Tories. But "the Church" has always been one of the chief "properties" of the Tory party. "The Church is in danger" has been a rallying cry from the time of SACHEVERELL, and if the reports of to-day are true, it has not yet lost all its potency. But the allegation that four hundred of the Liberal candidates are pledged to vote for disestablishment may well alarm those who hold the union of church and state to be desirable. In BURKE'S famous phrase the English Church "uplifts her mitred front in Court and Parliament," and the proposition to separate her from both is startling

to all English tradition. The force of the feeling is seen in Mr. Chamberlain's disclaimer of any purpose to insist upon action at this session of Parliament. But the disclaimer is unavailing, because it assumes the intention, and the intention, not the time of its accomplishment, is the source of disquiet. The clergy has taken to the stump, and the bitterness of the ecclesiastical attacks upon Mr. Gladstone, as the real instigator of the movement, is intense.

CRIMES AGAINST THE CHINESE.

It is not surprising that individuals of a race whose entrance into the country has been prohibited by law should be treated with contempt and cruelty by the more brutal part of the population. But it is to the credit of Americans that, however strong the feeling of hostility to the Chinese may be, the recent outrages upon "Chinamen" in Wyoming and Washington Territories are not the crimes of natives, but of foreigners, whose presence in the country is much less desirable than that of the Chinese themselves. These crimes are peculiarly mean and dastardly because of the small number of persons in the country who are guilty of being Chinese, and because the number is constantly decreasing. Nor would the crimes occur except for the consciousness of the general although passive support of the community, which was the real support of the Ku-Klux outrages in the Southern States.

The duty of the government toward these unhappy victims of a stupid hatred is plainly defined in the treaty with China:

"If Chinese laborers or Chinese of any other class, now either permanently or temporarily residing in the territory of the United States, meet with ill treatment at the hands of any other persons, the government of the United States will exert all its power to devise measures for their protection, and to secure to them the same rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions as may be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation, and to which they are entitled by treaty."

In accordance with this obligation the government ordered troops to Wyoming, and upon the outbreak at Tacoma and Seattle the President issued a proclamation requiring the rioters to disperse and retire peaceably, which was promptly obeyed, and indictments have been found against the Mayor of Tacoma, who is not an American, and other ringleaders of the mob. This action is an assurance to the forlorn Chinese that they are not entirely abandoned to tormenters even within the jurisdiction of the United States, and to the people of the Territories that if humanity and a sense of justice do not inspire a public protest against such wrongs, there is happily a legal remedy.

The few Chinese now scattered through the Western Territories are as much the wards of the government as the freedmen in the Southern States after the war. The proclamation of the President, the movement of troops, and the indictments show the disposition loyally and honestly to enforce the law. The attacks upon the Chinese are especially monstrous, but we recall, in the recent campaign, during which the whole subject of national politics was drawn into discussion, but one vigorous allusion to the Chinese wrongs, and that was in the speech of Senator Hoar at the Massachusetts Republican Convention. We are glad to see that the citizens of Seattle have organized themselves to repress the crimes, and to co-operate with the government.

OUR KIN BEYOND THE SEA.

The New York *World*, in speaking of Mr. Gladstone's political activity, and of the strong partisanship of public men in England, says:

"The very highest English statesman in the public service, the Prime Minister, who is the practical head of the government, does not regard it as beneath his dignity to be a party man. His colleagues are appointed at his recommendation. He dispenses, with rare exceptions, the whole patronage of the crown. But he acknowledges his duty to party, and promotes to positions of dignity and trust those who are of his own party, and are the most vigorous and useful in advancing its interests."

No sensible civil service reformer doubts the advantage of organized action to secure political results, or thinks that political offices should be held by those who are not in sympathy with the principles and policy of the Administration. President Pierce said in his inaugural address:

"No reasonable man of any party will expect the Administration to be so regardless of its responsibility and of the obvious elements of success as to retain persons known to be under the influence of political hostility and partisan prejudice in positions which will require not only severe labor, but cordial co-operation."

This was true, but it applies to a very small class of administrative officers. The rule applicable to them, however, is made by the spoils system to apply to every postmaster, custom-house officer, clerk, messenger, and laborer, and a sound principle is made to cover an immense and outrageous abuse.

Party spirit and party activity are quite as apparent in English as in American politics. But the implication that they are fostered in England by the use of government patronage is entirely unfounded. Since Mr. Gladstone is cited as an example, let him also be called as a witness. It was Mr. Gladstone who said, while still at the head of the government:

"As to the clerkships in my own office—the office of the Treasury—every one of you has just as much power over their disposal as I have. . . .In order that the public service might be indeed the public service, in order that we might not have among the civil officers of the state that which we had complained of in the army, namely, that the service was not the property of the nation, but of the officers, we have now been enabled to remove the barriers of nomination, patronage, jobbing, favoritism in whatever form; and every man belonging to the people of England, if he so pleases to fit his children for the position of competing for places in the public service, may do it entirely irrespective of the question what is his condition in life or the amount of means with which he may happen to be or not to be blessed."

If there be anything more truly American and illustrative of equal rights than such a system, let it be produced.

Mr. Gladstone's opinion of the American spoils system was unequivocally expressed at another time, and in these words:

"The thing that perhaps chiefly puzzles the inhabitants of the old country is why the American people should permit their entire existence to be continually disturbed by the business of the Presidential elections; and, still more, why they should raise to its maximum the intensity of this perturbation by providing, as we are told, for what is termed a clean sweep of the entire civil service, in all its ranks and departments, on each accession of a Chief Magistrate. We do not perceive why this arrangement is more rational than would be a corresponding usage in this country on each change of ministry. Our practice is as different as possible. We limit to a few scores of persons the removals and appointments on these occasions, although our ministries seem to us not unfrequently to be more sharply severed from one another in principle and tendency than are successive Presidents of the great Union."

There is, in fact, no argument against the thorough reform of the corrupt and degrading system of spoils which is not practically and completely answered by actual experience in England, and in this country just so far as the reformed system is in operation.

THE MUGWUMP AND THE BOURBON.

There is nothing more amusing and suggestive than to observe the indignation with which Mugwumps are regarded by party Bourbons and fanatics on both sides. The late Hugh Hastings, who was an adept in that kind of controversy which consists in "calling names," and who took great comfort in describing Mr. Tilden, for some mysterious reason, as "Old Yarbs," delighted to call "the Scratchers" of '79 "a small lunch party." This was the way in which that veteran disposed of political independence, and he was always convinced that he had settled the whole question by the remark that nothing could be done without parties. The conclusions that he drew from that simple proposition were various and astounding.

The successors of Mr. Hastings in both parties lack altogether the picturesque vigor of their master's style. The Mugwumps are described before an election as traitors, rebels, renegades, Judas Iscariots, Benedict Arnolds, Pharisees, saints, fools, Miss Nancys, Hessians, amateurs, dudes, aristocrats, ruffle-shirts, professional reformers, and the petticoat brigade. And after election, if their candidate is defeated, they are pricked bubbles and poor, weak, pitiful, miserable nobodies. But all this is commonplace vituperation, and wholly below the mark of Mr. Hastings in his best blackguard moments. To do his imitators justice, they are perfectly aware that the Mugwump is not affected by the uproar of sneers, because a man who prefers honesty and decency in public affairs is wholly undisturbed by hearing honest politics contemptuously called Sunday-school politics, or politics in petticoats and pantalets.

These epithets and jeers are not expected to affect the tough old Mugwump who has been gazetted as an invisible flea and a loathsome monster in human form a hundred times. They are intended to show young men who are disposed to obey their conscience rather than the party caucus what they have to expect if they do not obediently run with the machine. They are sharp cracks of the party whip to frighten the young voter back into the ranks. Young Republicans may wisely remember that the same whip used to be cracked over their fathers in Congress thirty years ago by other slave-drivers, but it was because their fathers were not whipped in that there is a Union of freedom to-day. The young Republican or Democrat may wisely remember, also, that it is better to regard a party as his servant, rather than himself as the slave of a party. Mr. Gladstone is a great party leader. But he has just said at Edinburgh, "I am laboring now for Liberal unity; I am preaching unity to the best of my ability; but I hope the Liberal party will split before sacrificing conscience."

JOHN FISKE UPON THE WAR.

The death of General Grant has revived the recollections of the war, but they are now treated less in the mere spirit of party and more in the true historic spirit. To the discussion in the latter strain the lectures of Mr. John Fiske upon the "Great Battles of the Civil War" will be a very important contribution. Mr. Fiske's remarkable power of acquisition, his varied and extensive information, his keen faculty of research and analysis, the freshness of his richly stored mind, and the charm and raciness of his descriptive style will unquestionably give a singular interest and value to his lectures.

His admirable discourses upon the story of the American Revolution which were delivered in Chickering Hall last winter to large and delighted audiences were the most notable of the year. They were, in fact, a comprehensive and complete history of the Revolution, worthy to be followed carefully by any student, and, in a series of most pleasant morning hours, conveying a knowledge of the Revolution that any of Dr. Birch's young gentlemen or Miss Pinkerton's young ladies might be exceedingly glad to possess.

The same will be true of the lectures of this year, which will treat of the Western campaigns in which Grant was so conspicuous a figure. There will be four of them, beginning with the movements in the Border States at the opening of the war; and we are very sure that those who have heard the course upon the Revolution will need no urging to hear the later course.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, author of the new book *Strange Stories from History for Young People*, has the knack of interesting boys in a wholesome and manly way, which characterized the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He prefers, indeed, the society of boys to that of men, and a better companion on a fishing, hunting, or boating expedition no boy ever found. He is an excellent shot with the pistol, and an enthusiast in out-door sports. He has written many books which appeal successfully to the manlier instincts of young people, in addition to his extensive contributions to literary criticism. Mr. Eggleston is now the managing editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

—President McCosh, of Princeton College, announces that within five years he expects to make a full-fledged university out of that institution. During his connection with it as President he has received five millions of dollars, which have been expended for the most part in the erection of handsome buildings, and in providing for the salaries of fellows and new professors. Dr. McCosh is as active in behalf of the college as if he had never succeeded in getting a dollar of contributions, and his appearance at meetings of the alumni is always hailed with delight.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell in his hours of ease smokes a common clay pipe, although he offers to his guests the finest Havana cigars. The practice is quite common in England and Scotland, where, however, the clay is much softer and more porous than that usually found in pipes sold in this country.

—The friends of Professor Tyndall were much surprised to read in the newspapers that he intended to run for Parliament. He is in far from vigorous health, and expects soon to retire from the more active duties of his professorship at the Royal Institution. The science fellowships founded by him in three American colleges are already beginning to bear fruit, and will redound to his lasting honor. The Professor's more intimate friends do not feel that a candidacy for member of Parliament will add lustre to his record.

—There are two well-known house decorators in this city who are brothers, of the same height, weight, complexion, and build, wearing clothes of the same color and style, and lunching together, without speaking a word to each other, every day at Delmonico's. The ordinary mortal can not tell them apart, and one never knows which of the two he is talking to.

—A correspondent of this journal wants to know why it is that fashionable physicians always make callers wait such an unconscionably long time. Also, why it is that such callers are always so pervaded with gloom. He asks if anybody ever saw anybody smile in a doctor's reception-room.

—A few days ago a heated lamp chimney in an elevated railway car snapped into twenty pieces or more, which fell upon the seats below. Fortunately there was but one passenger within range of them, and no damage was done. Not many months ago, at the Union League Club's Ladies' Reception, a piece of carbon heated to a white heat, and about as large as a pea, fell upon the white silk dress of a lady guest who was walking beneath the electric light. Had it fallen a second sooner it would have burned her shoulders frightfully. There was little excitement.

—Edgar A. Poe wrote a remarkably legible hand with a steel pen, and was extremely careful to introduce all the needed commas, semicolons, and other punctuation marks. Each page of the manuscript was a small 12mo, pasted carefully to the next page as soon as finished, so that the result was a long sheet of matter which looked like a scroll. A gentleman well known in this city has a beautiful example of Poe's penmanship, which he prizes highly, and for which he has been offered a large sum.

—At the recent reception given her by Sorosis, Miss Mary Anderson was a radiant figure. Her speech, like her presence, was full of charm, and an extremely distinguished company of ladies met to do her honor. She impressed them with the same success that she does her male admirers.

—Mr. H. Edwards Ficken has produced some interesting results in the new extension to the American Art Galleries on Twenty-third Street, where the old rooms of the Palette Club have been transformed for the exhibition of water-colors and etchings. The etching-room, fitted throughout in mahogany, with bronze plush on the walls, is as elegant and tasteful an apartment as was ever created for such a purpose; and the oaken stairway to the water-color gallery, treated with bronze powder, which is polished so as to give a pleasing tint without losing the grain of the wood, has an effect altogether novel. There is something in the main staircase leading from the principal gallery on the first floor which reminds one of Haddon Hall. As in most of Mr. Ficken's work, many Early English traits are noticeable. The success of the American Art Galleries as a business enterprise is an encouraging fact to artists throughout the country.

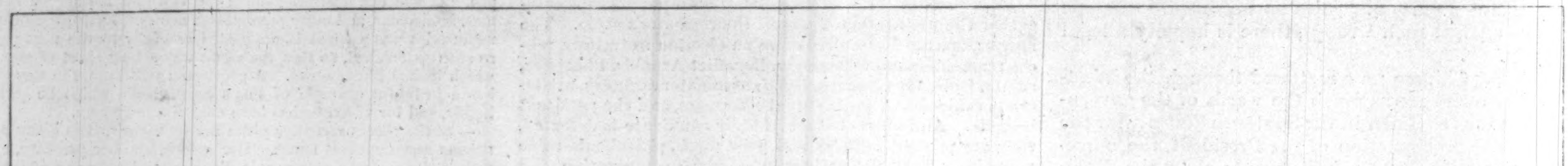
—A striking portrait of Mr. Thomas Allen, the landscape and animal painter of Boston, has been painted by Mr. Caliga, of that city, and shows marked features of resemblance to that of Mr. Frank Millet, although the figure is somewhat stouter and the face somewhat broader. Mr. Allen stands erect, with a countenance of magisterial determination, and a long fur-lined overcoat.

—A few months ago Mr. Sylvester Baxter, of Boston, received from Mr. Manuel M. Zarzarmendi, a journalist in the city of Mexico, a request for a manual of the Constitution of the United States adapted to youthful learners. He forwarded at once Mr. Charles Nordhoff's book, *Politics for Young Americans*, which is a classic on the subject, and has the most extensive circulation ever achieved by any work of the kind. The book was shown to Mr. Eduardo Ruiz, Attorney-General of the Mexican Republic, who soon ordered it to be translated and adapted for free distribution in the schools of his native city, Uruapam. Another translation and adaptation will be made for Venezuela.

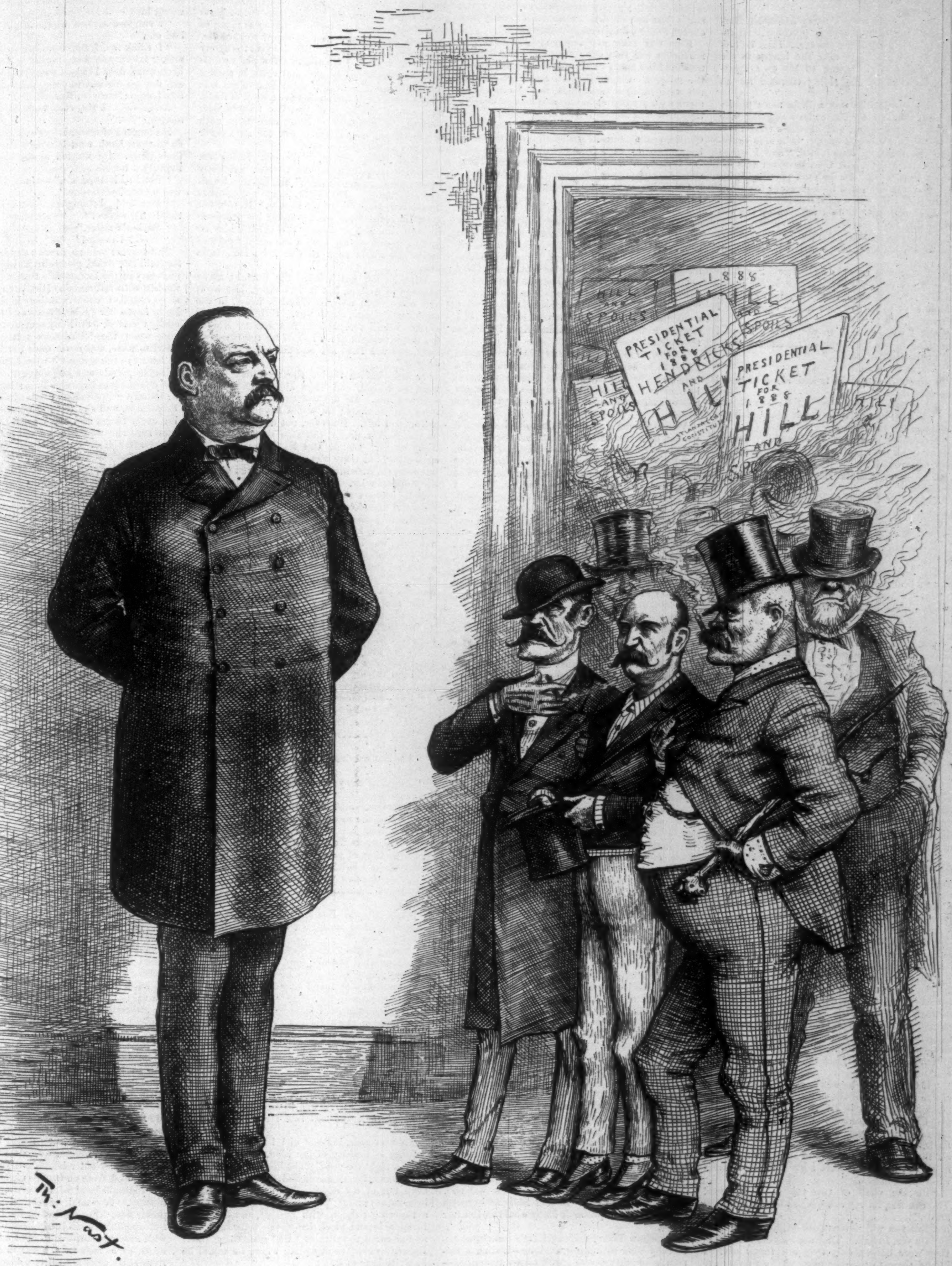
—The first woman to enter the École de Médecine in Paris was Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, of this city, in 1867. Her application for admission was refused by the Faculty, but afterward accepted by the Minister of Public Instruction. The latest news from Paris is that a number of female medical students have been admitted for the first time as resident physicians in the hospitals. The objection had been that it would be indecorous for them to room under the same roof with the male students and to mess with them, but as soon as it was suggested that the Sisters of Charity were freely permitted to do so, the argument disappeared. In this country the only young woman ever allowed to occupy the post of resident physician in a mixed hospital is Dr. Josephine Walter, of the Mount Sinai Hospital, and since her appointment the trustees have adopted a resolution debarring all future applicants of her sex. The principal plea of the women physicians is that in every family five-sixths of the doctor's bills are for services rendered to the mother and the children; and that, therefore, women may with propriety treat such cases. They do not want to practice upon men, they say, nor do they suppose that men want women to practice upon them. The prejudice against women physicians both in England and in the United States is and has been very much greater than in France.

THE LATE JOHN McCULLOUGH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 759.]



"MAUD S," DRIVEN BY HER OWNER, MR. ROBERT BONNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 758.]



HILL IS *NOT* HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE "THE BOYS," LIKE THE PRESIDENT.

INCORRIGIBLE SPOILSMEN. "Here is the man of our size!"

BARKER'S SISTER.

"Is Miss Barker at home?"

"Miss Barker is at home, sir. She is in the dining-room."

At half past six o'clock every night, Mr. Barker asked the same question precisely, and received precisely the same answer. Then he motioned to his groom to take the horses to the stables, and leisurely going to his own apartments, he changed his riding costume for an evening one.

On this evening he was a little more particular than usual; after dinner he was going with his sister to the opera, and he was a trifle nervous under Kate's bright eyes. "She sees everything," he mentally complained, "and I would rather sit in a tight coat than have her twit me about a loose one." So he took pains with his toilet, and was rewarded by a pleasant little nod of approval. He was a good-looking fellow, and men don't object to be told so, even by the women of their own family.

"We may as well have dinner, Jack; aunt has gone to Dr. Logan's; she will not be home till late."

So dinner was served; and after it, as Kate sat with her cup of French coffee in her hand, she said: "Jack, come to the fire half an hour. I don't want to be too soon at the opera, and I do want to talk to you."

"And I want to talk to you, Kate. I heard something to-day that annoyed me extremely."

"At the club, of course."

"Yes, at the club."

"I thought you only talked about national questions there?"

"As a general thing, we don't; but Gerald Lyttle had heard something about you he thought it right to tell me."

"Something disagreeable, of course. People never 'think it right' to tell pleasant things. Well, what was it?"

"You know Claude Hayden and Theodore Middleton?"

"They visit here. As for 'knowing' them, that is a different thing."

"They are lovers of yours?"

"They are among the list."

"I thought myself that they were favored visitors."

"My dear Jack, don't pretend to think about things too high for you."

"They, at any rate, think so."

Kate's face flushed angrily. "How do you know that?"

"Gerald Lyttle told me so."

"Don't speak in enigmas, Jack, please. They always put me in a passion. How can Gerald Lyttle know anything about either Claude Hayden or Theo Middleton? He is not in their set at all. I don't believe they ever speak to each other."

"Their valets do."

"You don't mean to say, Jack, that you have been spending the afternoon discussing the gossip of Gerald Lyttle's valet? Upon my word, I believe the clubs are perfect schools for scandal."

"Don't be so scornful, Kate. I consider myself under obligations to Gerald for telling me. I dare say it cost him a little to do it; for though men do talk with their valets, and listen to a good deal of Avenue gossip from them, they don't, as a general thing, tell other fellows they do so."

"Then I am to understand that Theo Middleton's valet heard something about me from his master, and told the same to Gerald Lyttle's valet, who told it to his master, who told it to you, who bring it to me. There's a genealogy for a piece of scandal, now!"

"It is correct, however."

"Well, we will follow it, then, from its beginning. What was it that Theo Middleton's valet heard about me?"

"He heard his master and Claude Hayden arranging about their proposals of marriage to you, and they tossed up a silver dollar to see which of them should take the first chance." Jack was so angry that he rose and stood before Kate, looking down into her flashing face with one equally indignant and scornful.

"Indeed! Keep your temper, Jack, and go on."

"If Claude won, he was to pay Middleton twenty-five thousand dollars as soon as possible after his marriage, and if Middleton won, he was to give Claude the like sum. Middleton has a pressing mortgage to pay, and Claude wants to go to Paris, where he thinks the money would give him all the prestige necessary to insure his success in his profession. I have a great mind to horsewhip the scoundrels."

"On the word of two valets. Ridiculous! You can not, for my sake, take any notice of the affair."

"But you will never speak to them again?"

"Oh yes, I shall. They are no worse now than they were before, only they are found out. I intend them to propose now. Who would have thought that Claude Hayden, who writes such lofty and exquisite poems, and whose conversation is so full of romance and unselfish chivalry, could have been a party to such a bargain! Now Theo Middleton never pretended to be anything but a thorough-paced man of the world."

"Yet it was Claude who made the proposal. Theo hesitated at first, but I imagine he is in a desperate strait at present, and willing to do almost anything to save a piece of very valuable property."

"Certainly he is. What is a poor girl's name, or happiness, or honor, compared with so many feet frontage of real estate?"

"Don't look that way, Kate darling, or I know I'll shoot the fellows. I only meant to warn you. I wish anything less than the whole truth would have done it."

"It would not. Women judge men by themselves—that is, where we go wrong. I have been reading that schemer's poetry this afternoon until I cried. When I laid down the book I felt equal to anything heroic and self-denying. Aunt Serena is right; poetry is unhealthy reading; you might just as well drink a bottle of brandy and expect to see things sensibly afterward."

Kate was arranging her pet curl before the mirror as she said this; then she rang for her maid and her opera cloak, and seemed to dismiss the subject. Claude Hayden and Theo Middleton were in an opposite box, and she bowed to them with a smile so subtle and comprehensive that each was certain it was his specially.

"Did you notice how she smiled at me?" said Claude, posing himself gracefully, and throwing back his black curls from his wide white brow.

"I thought it was at me," answered Theo, sulkily.

"No; it was at me. I shall go and speak to her during the interval."

Kate divined this, and she sent her brother away with a message to pretty Nelly Sayre. So Claude had the ground to himself, and very safe ground he felt it to be. Then Theo made his effort, and was equally satisfied. There was something about Kate's manner to him delightfully shy and yet encouraging. For the first time in twenty years he kept his opinions to himself. "Claude," he mentally commented, "is terribly conceited, and may have deceived himself. If I am not a favored lover, I think Kate Barker is treating me badly."

And so thinking of Kate as likely to become his own, he began to feel the outrage of such a bargain as he had entered into. He could hardly bear to look into the young, candid face and think of his shameful little plot against this girl's money.

When Claude and he again talked over the matter, he ventured to suggest that they should each consider the bargain as to Miss Barker void, and leave themselves unfettered in the race. But Claude would hear of no such withdrawal. "The race," he said, "rests with you and me, Theo. I am sure of it. Marriage will break up our friendship; it can't help it, old boy; and whichever of us is left will need solid consolation. If you succeed, you will have to cut me in a short time, and the money will give me a new start in a new life. If I succeed, all the same we shall drift apart, and it would be a real comfort to me, in such case, to feel that at least I had been able to put you easy in money matters."

And Claude's manner was so grand and pathetic that Middleton felt it impossible to urge further a subject which Claude spoke of as "any way a great trial, and almost like the burial of a twenty years' friendship."

The next morning, in answer to Kate's request, Nelly Sayre came to spend the day at the Barkers'. Kate had chosen Nelly for her confidante, and for excellent reasons. Nelly had a very large visiting list, she was dangerously sarcastic, and never spared friend or acquaintance for a witticism. A report finding its medium through Nelly would go into the world with a spice of ludicrous bitterness that no one else could give it. And also it would go in a dangerous kind of incognito, and would only become the more widely known in consequence of the unobtrusiveness of its progress.

So about eleven o'clock Nelly came chirping in, full of news as to the people she had met on the Avenue, and the engagement of "that poor little mouse, Alice Laydon, to Charles White. He'll eat her up in a year, Kate," she said, with a laughable grimace; "that is, he'll eat her bonds up. Oh dear! how hard it is for a girl with money to be decently loved!"

This was just the opening Kate wanted. "She was so wretched, and needed some one to open her poor heart to;" and Nelly was at once sympathetic and delightfully anxious. What a study her queer little face was, with its twinkling eyes and tight-drawn lips, as she listened to Kate's story! And what a revelation of womanly temper there was in the small nervous hands, and the restless movements of her prettily bowed and sandaled feet!

"Now, Nelly, I have told you all. If you were I, what would you do?"

"I should crucify them—socially I mean; fix them up with hair-pins, as it were. Put the story into all their cups, dear—tea-cups and wine-cups. It will make their drinking disagreeable enough, I'll warrant you. There's hundreds of young men just as mean and heartless and contemptible, dear; and every one of them will be 'dreadfully shocked' at the found-out fellows."

Kate had asked both Claude and Theo to call, and it had been agreed between them that Theo should leave first, and that, all else being favorable, Claude should put his fortune to the test. They were annoyed at finding Nelly sitting with Kate, but it was probable Nelly would leave after lunch.

Somehow Theo imagined Kate's manner so peculiarly kind to himself, that he—finding a moment's opportunity to speak to her unnoticed—asked for an interview that night at eight, and received a gracious assent. Then, according to agreement, he went away before Claude; and Nelly, guessing what Claude had come for, left the room "to send a message," and so gave the young gentleman the opportunity he sought.

Kate heard his poetic, passionate confession with a good deal of assumed feeling, but declared she could not at once answer so important a question, "Would Mr. Hayden call the following day at twelve o'clock?" And as Nelly entered just at that moment, and there was a most aggravating mocking smile on her face, Claude hurriedly took his leave, with all his hopes as yet uncertain.

He put on a brave face, however, to Middleton. But Middleton's hopes rose on Claude's delay. He thought it likely that Kate had purposely put off answering Claude until she heard what his reasons were for desiring an interview. She must have suspected them, and if this was the case, it was indeed a strong foundation for his hopes. So he heard Claude's account of his interview, but said nothing of his own appointment.

At eight o'clock he kept it, and found Kate just ready to leave the house. "She was going to a dinner party, but would be happy to give Mr. Middleton a few minutes." He was glad the agony was to be so short. He said in a few plain words what he wanted to say, and said them in such a straightforward, honest manner that Kate was almost sorry she could not believe a word of them. She pointed out the fact that her friends were waiting, the necessity of being careful in such decisions, and asked him to call for an answer next day at half past twelve.

"Half past twelve," thought Middleton. "Claude's appointment was twelve: evidently she means to refuse Claude;" and his own hopes rose still higher. That night Claude noticed that he seemed strangely averse to talk. He did not know that Middleton was arranging his prospective new life, and absolutely considering how he was to escape paying such a shameful "debt of honor" as would soon be due his friend from him.

True, he did not indulge the thought many minutes at a time, but it was there, just as it had often been also in Claude's heart, in the same kind of dim, dumb way. Only Claude had at once solved the problem in a manner Middleton never thought of: "I shall lay the blame on Kate, and tell Theo she watches her gold like a dragon."

A little before twelve the next day Claude went to Kate's, and Theo almost immediately followed him. He did not expect, of course, to meet Claude there; he would have got his dismissal and left. However, not only was Claude in the Barker parlor, but also that tormenting Nelly Sayre. Claude and Middleton looked at each other, but there was nothing now to be done but accept Kate's invitation to lunch, and wait for their opportunity.

Nelly seemed that day to be possessed by a thousand malicious little sprites, and Claude and Middleton winced again and again under her sharp, subtle innuendoes. Her mirth, though mocking, was infectious, and by the time lunch was over, the whole party were in a mood of very unnatural and rather unpleasant exaltation. Kate showed it in her glowing cheeks and in a certain set, proud manner.

She rose from the table, and taking with her a red apple and a yellow one, began to throw them up and catch them in her hands, demurely counting every throw.

"What are you doing, Kate?" said Nelly, in a voice that was almost a little shriek of laughter.

"I am casting lots for a husband. See! the red apple represents—"

"I know—Claude Hayden."

"And the yellow one—"

"Is, of course, Theo Middleton."

"And whichever I catch twenty-five times I shall accept."

"The red one has fallen to the ground."

"Let it go."

"And now the yellow follows it. Both lovers may 'go hang their harps on a willow-tree.'"

"I protest," said Middleton, "against such a mockery of the most solemn affair of life."

"Just hear him!" screamed Nelly, laughing still more excitedly. "Pray, Mr. Middleton, did you ever hear of two gentlemen tossing a silver dollar about a lady's hand and fortune?"

"And agreeing to console each other with twenty-five thousand dollars out of her bank account?"

"Only, Claude Hayden, I thought you had more sense than to sell the bear-skin before you killed the bear."

"Young ladies," said Middleton, "if any men have done what you say, they richly deserve your mockery; they must have been conceited fools to make such a plot, and silly ones not to—"

"Not to be sure that their valet did not overhear it. Gentlemen, I hope you will speculate in more reliable stock for the future;" and Kate ceremoniously bowed them into the hall, from whence they soon found their way into the street.

"Where are you going?" said Middleton, fiercely.

"I am going to Paris at once."

"You can go to Timbuctoo if you like. I shall stay here, and I shall like to see the man, or the woman either, who will twit me about Barker's sister."

"A very rude, insolent girl, I think."

"She is nothing of the kind. She is a noble girl—a sight too good, if she had not a penny, for such sneak thieves as you and me. There, Claude, keep out of my sight. We may as well part here as anywhere;" and Middleton strode off in a towering passion with himself, and looked so formidable and black for weeks afterward that no one cared to speak of "that good thing about Barker's sister" in any place where he would be likely to hear of it.

Kate never saw him, and rarely heard of him. Indeed, he quietly abandoned fashionable society, and gave himself up, with all the passion of his nature, to money-making. On the whole, her revenge had not given her any pleasure; she found out, when anger was over, and love could obtain a hearing, that she had really liked Theo, and her heart began sadly to make excuses for him.

One day, three years after their unpleasant parting, her brother said to her, "Kate, you were very nearly losing one hundred thousand dollars—would have done so but for—Theo Middleton."

Kate blushed vividly, and looked up eagerly at her brother.

"That's so," said Jack; "he knows everything about stocks and shares that can be known, and he brought me information which saved you a clear hundred thousand dollars. I must say, he spoke in a very manly, honest manner."

"Of the past?"

"Yes. He out with everything, and asked my pardon; said he could not do it for very shame until he had been able to prove his regret. He had been watching your interests, and hoped you would look over his fault."

"I suppose a good action ought to cancel a bad one."

"I think so, Kate, especially when a fellow makes no excuses, but frankly admits he was to blame, and does his best to show his sorrow. I can not see my way to write him down, an enemy any longer; can you, Kate?"

And Kate, in a very soft, irresolute fashion, said simply, "No."

Six months afterward the president of a famous down-town bank sent hurriedly over to Middleton's office. He wanted to see him at once on important business.

"Gone to Europe, sir," was the answer. "He was married yesterday."

"Married! I thought he hated women. Married! To whom?"

"Barker's sister."

"Well! I never!"

But no one was so much astonished as Nelly Sayre. The world generally had begun to doubt the story of the twenty-five thousand dollars and the bet, with reference to Middleton, and his marriage with Kate confirmed them in this doubt. So Nelly found her exclamations and sarcasms very coolly received. So Nelly accepted the situation, and, when the Middletons returned, paid due court to Kate, and never once found herself able to revert to the scene with the apples.

Indeed, Nelly was beginning to be *passée*; all her charms had begun to fade; her witty tongue and sharp temper alone retained all their pristine brightness, and she felt the necessity of improving every friend and every occasion. Every one was sure she would be an old maid. But four years after Kate's own happy marriage, Nelly went to Paris and became a bride. She married Claude Hayden. Kate met her in Paris a couple of years afterward. Claude had then made a name and a position—was, in fact, a fashionable portrait-painter, and quite a pet with that class of ladies who like popular favorites. Kate could hardly help wondering how a man so gay and so sensitive to what society would say of him should have married a girl whom he never admired in the first brilliancy of her beauty, and who was now decidedly faded and shrewish. Something of this, in the freedom of mutual confidence, she said to Nelly, who answered, with her usual pert honesty: "My dear, of course he was not in love with me. I know that he married me because I made him."

"Made him!"

"Yes, dear; he was afraid of me."

"I don't see that, Nelly. So rich and prosperous, and such a favorite in society!"

"Very good! For that reason he was afraid of me. He knew what I could tell, and *how* I could tell it; and, my dear, the story would have sent the salons here into paroxysms of laughter. Of two evils he chose the least."

And then Nelly went straight to Claude's studio and threw him into a fever of fear. "Claude!" she screamed, as she sank into a chair, "what are you going to do now? Everything about that dreadful affair is sure now to come out. I have just met her, and she is more spiteful than ever about it. You poor, dear, unfortunate creature!"

"Nelly! Nelly! what are you talking about? For God's sake, what is the matter? Who is here?"

"*Barker's sister!*"

MAUD S.

Of the hundreds of good horses, thorough-bred or otherwise, that have been foaled on the famous Woodburn Farm, Woodford County, Kentucky, none has obtained so wide a fame as Mr. Robert Bonner's mare Maud S. She was foaled March 28, 1874, and is perhaps the best illustration of the value of thorough-bred blood in the trotter, for although it may not be conducive to action, it gives stamina, the mainspring and stay for speed. Maud S. is by Harold, dam Miss Russell, by Pilot Jr. Pilot Jr. was a son of old Pilot, whose dam was a daughter of the thorough-bred stallion Havoc. The dam of Miss Russell was Sally Russell, by Boston (the sire of the famous Lexington), a direct descendant of the horse Diomed, winner of the first English Derby in 1780, which was purchased in England and brought to the United States in 1799. Harold, the sire of Maud S., was foaled in 1864. He is an inbred Hambletonian, out of the mare Enchantress, by old Abdallah, the sire of Hambletonian, and, from an Orange County point of view, the fountain-head of the great trotters of this country. It would be difficult to gainsay this pretension. For perfection the breed needs only a strain of thorough-bred blood that brings beauty, with staying qualities to fight a hard race out in heats, or to sustain a horse in journeys lasting from early morning till late at night.

In this respect it may be said that the breeding and performances of such horses as Maud S., Jay Eye See, St. Julian, Rarus, Maxey Cobb, Phallas, Clingstone, Goldsmith Maid, Trinket, Hopeful, Harry Wilkes, Lulu, and Majolica, each of which has a record of "fifteen" or better, has had an influence on the domestic horse of America the money value of which can not be estimated. One need not be an old man to remember the horses in common use before the war. They were small in size, deficient in quality, coarse-boned, and lacking in every respect the qualities necessary either for hard work or for lighter services as carriage-horses. The war was the first stimulant toward improving the breed, and after it came the transfer of thorough-bred racing from the South to the North. But nothing gave a greater impetus to the breeding of good horses than the price Mr. Bonner paid for Dexter, the same gen-

tleman's driving of his team Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid and other horses having previously shown that fast driving on the road could be indulged in without disrepute. The practice of that exercise and luxury may be said to have made the trotting horse of America, and to have added millions to the wealth of the country, as shown by the prices Mr. BONNER, Mr. VANDERBILT, Mr. WORK, and hundreds of other gentlemen East and West have paid and are willing to pay for fast teams and road horses.

Of the improvement in the breed of horses during the last twenty years, Maud S. is a living exponent. To the eye she is a well-made and evenly balanced chestnut mare, with legs that scarcely show a blemish, in spite of all the work she has done—work that would have killed an ordinary horse, and that is yet absolutely necessary to keep her in a condition to show the wonderful and machine-like action required to cover a mile in less than 2.10; that is to say, at the rate of forty feet or better every second. As to her temper and stable qualities, the best testimony is that of Mr. VANDERBILT in the letter acknowledging the receipt of the check for $40,000, the price Mr. BONNER paid for the mare. He said: "I must congratulate you upon being the owner of the fastest and finest horse in the world. I am sure you will find her simply perfection itself in every particular. She is always ready to do anything you would have her, always expecting kind treatment, and the fullest confidence that she is not to be hurt. She seems to know as much as man, and is of the most affectionate disposition. These are great requisites. No one can but admire them, and we must all love the animal possessing them." To Mr. BAIR, her late driver, Maud S. can "almost talk," while the colored man GRANT, who took care of her for many years, has said that many a night she would lie down alongside of his cot, and during the night lift her head to see if he was there. The affection was reciprocal, insomuch that if the weather was at all likely to change toward cold during the night, GRANT would sleep without a cover, so that the change would wake him, and he could then put a heavier blanket on the mare if necessary. It will be seen that Maud S.'s lot has been cast in pleasant places.

The trotting career of Maud S. began when she was three years old. At that time she showed a half-mile in 1.13. Late in the year following (1878) she trotted a trial over the Chester Park half-mile track, near Cincinnati, in 2.22¾. This fact was brought to the attention of Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT, and in the presence of his representative a few days later she trotted over the Lexington (Kentucky) mile track in 2.17½, and was immediately bought by Mr. VANDERBILT, he paying her owner, Captain GEORGE N. STONE, $21,000 for her. She was brought East, and wintered, in charge of CARL BURR, on Long Island. She did not do as well as expected, and in 1879 Mr. VANDERBILT gave way in a measure to the public demand to trot her in open races, and again put her in the hands of Captain STONE, who at once engaged Mr. W. W. BAIR to drive her, as he has done ever since, except during the years when Mr. VANDERBILT himself drove her on the road in New York and at Saratoga. During this period she trotted in double harness with Aldine, and on June 14, 1883, driven by Mr. VANDERBILT himself over the track of the New York Driving Park, to a road wagon, drawing a total load of 411 pounds, they covered a mile in 2.15½, the best team performance ever trotted. Maud S.'s speed quickly debarred her from trotting in open races, for after obtaining a record of 2.13¼ for a third heat at Chicago in July, 1880, and 2.15½, 2.16¾, and 2.16½ for three consecutive heats at Buffalo a few days later, she was left with "time" as her only competitor. At Rochester, on August 12, 1880, she obtained a record of 2.11¾; at Chicago, in September, she reduced it to 2.10¾, her last appearance that year. At Pittsburgh, on July 13, 1881, she again reduced it to 2.10½, and at Rochester, on August 11, to 2.10¼, which may be called Maud S.'s last professional appearance. Her best performance in 1883 was that in double harness as above. In 1884 the wonderful trotting of Jay Eye See threatened the mare's record, and Mr. VANDERBILT again put her in Mr. BAIR's hands for professional training—fortunately, as it turned out; for on July 31, at Providence, Jay Eye See trotted a mile in 2.10—a quarter of a second better than Maud S.'s record. He held the crown for just twenty-four hours, for on August 1 Maud S. trotted the Cleveland track in 2.09¾. A series of unpleasant challenges directed against Mr. VANDERBILT followed, and before the month was over Maud S. had become the property of Mr. BONNER, and on the 19th of August was in Mr. BONNER's stable in this city. Since that time she has twice lowered her own record, unchallenged as it is by any other animal, viz., to 2.09¼ at Lexington, Kentucky, on November 11, 1884, and to 2.08¾ at Cleveland, on July 30 of this year. On this last occasion she trotted the quarter in 32½ seconds, the half-mile in 1.04¼, and the three-quarters in 1.35½.

With a belief that she could do better still, Maud S. was taken to Narragansett, Rhode Island, one of the fastest tracks in the country. On her arrival a slow but careful preparation was given her, but unfortunately, on the dates selected for the trials, both wind and weather were unfavorable for fast time. Even a slight breeze blowing against the horse and driver for any part of the mile will retard the speed some seconds. But as Mr. BONNER had promised that the mare should trot, and as the announcement had attracted a large crowd, his orders were, "Start, and let the mare do the best she can." On September 3 she did the mile in 2.13, the first quarter being trotted in 33 seconds, and the second in 30½ seconds —1.03½ for the half-mile. She then made a slight break, which destroyed the chance for a very fast mile. On September 12 the second trial was made. On this occasion Maud S. went to the quarter in 32¾ seconds, and to the half in 1.03, or 30¼ seconds for the second quarter; keeping on, she reached the three-quarters in 1.36½; the rest of the journey was dead against the wind, and on this account, together with the exertion of having done a quarter at nearly a two-minute gait, the mare began to tire, and when the wire was reached, the watches showed 2.10¼—a wonderful performance, for the half-mile is the fastest ever trotted.

Mr. BONNER began to be deluged with requests from all parts of the country to show Maud S. at agricultural fairs. To comply with them was an utter impossibility, and as he had himself driven her only once since he bought her from Mr. VANDERBILT in August, 1884, he came to the conclusion that he would like to take the personal control of his property for a time. She was at once brought to New York, and is now an inmate of the famous stable on West Fifty-fifth Street, which has in turn sheltered Dexter, Rarus, and other famous horses. On fine afternoons Mr. BONNER can be seen behind Maud S., as represented in our illustration, quietly driving up the road, and occasionally indulging the mare in a fast mile over the track of the New York Driving Club at Morrisania. It is understood that the mare will winter at his farm near Tarrytown, and if all goes well, next spring she will again be put in training for another clip at "time." But should her present temporary retirement be made permanent, it will be with a record the equal of which will be waited for a long time. Nothing in the annals of the trotting turf can be compared with the performances of Maud S., trotting as she has miles once each in 2.08¾, 2.09¼, 2.09¾, and 2.10½, twice in 2.10¼ and 2.10¾, two consecutive heats in 2.11½ and 2.11, three consecutive heats in 2.12, 2.13¼, and 2.12½, a half-mile in 1.03, and a quarter of a mile in 30¼ seconds—all in public, without the suspicion of trickery or of any attempt to gain laurels without honestly earning them.

THE DUCKING-STOOL.

THE ducking-stool, a picture of which in active operation is printed in this issue, is not, as most people know, or at least suspect, in use at the present time, although its salutary effects would doubtless be highly appreciated to-day in almost any community that you might choose to mention. It was a remedy something less violent, but scarcely less effective, than a pair of scissors against the nuisance of a scolding woman's tongue. It originated in England, nobody seems to know how long ago, and its adoption in this country was had along with certain other good old customs—like, for instance, the burning of witches—which have now passed out of date. It figures occasionally in early English literature, and yet it is doubtful if it was ever as generally in use in any portion of the world as it is pretended that it was. There was about the ducking-stool that which was calculated to make its fame largely in excess of its actual performances, since it dealt exclusively with women whose tongues wagged much. GAY sings of the institution as follows:

> I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
> On the long plank hung o'er the muddy pool—
> That stool, the dread of every scolding quean,
> Yet sure a lover should not die so mean.

In this country the use of the ducking-stool seems to have been generally confined to Massachusetts and Virginia. Bishop MEADE, in his *Old Churches, Ministers, and Families in Virginia*, gives some account of it. He says, "If a woman was convicted of slander, her husband was made to pay five hundred-weight of tobacco," and failing in this, "the penalty was changed to ducking, and inflicted on the woman herself." Places for the immediate execution of the sentences were prepared at the doors of court-houses. The most interesting and succinct account of the use of the ducking-stool in Virginia is, however, furnished in a private letter written from Hungaro Parish, in that State, on the 16th of June, 1634, by an amiable parson named THOMAS HARTLEY, to Governor ENDICOTT, of Massachusetts, a respected ancestor of the present Secretary of War. Stripped of its quaint old-fashioned spelling, this letter reads as follows: "The day before yesterday I saw the punishment of the ducking-stool given to one BETSEY, the wife of JOHN TUCKER, who by the violence of her tongue had made his house and the neighborhood uncomfortable. She was taken to a pond near where I am sojourning, by an officer, who was joined by the magistrate and a minister, Mr. COTTON, who had frequently admonished her, and a large number of people. They had a machine for the purpose, which belongs to the parish, and which, I am told, has been used three times before this summer. It is a platform with four small rollers or wheels and two upright posts, between which works a lever by a rope fastened to its shorter end. At the end of the long arm was fixed a stool, upon which BETSEY was fastened by cords, her gown tied fast around her feet. The machine was then moved up to the edge of the pond; the rope was slackened by the officer, and the woman was allowed to go down under the water for the space of half a minute. BETSEY had a stout stomach, and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be so ducked five several times. At length she cried, piteously, 'Let me go; with God's help I'll sin no more!' Then they drew back the machine, untied the ropes, and let her walk back in her wetted clothes, a hopefully penitent woman." Mr. HARTLEY here adds: "Methought such a reformer of great scolds might be of use in some parts of Massachusetts Bay, for I've been troubled many times by the clatter of the scolding tongues of women, like the clack of the mill, seldom ceasing from morn till night."

It was perhaps upon this suggestion that the ducking-stool was first introduced into Massachusetts. At all events, it flourished in New England for a considerable period thereafter.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

THE Hon. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, who has been appointed Collector of the Port of Boston, to succeed ROLAND WORTHINGTON, is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and a little more than sixty years of age. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1844, and spent three years in the Law School connected with that institution. He then entered upon the practice of his profession in Boston, continuing to make his home at Salem. In politics he was identified with the Whig party until its disruption, and in 1860 supported the "Constitutional Union" ticket headed by BELL and EVERETT. Since that time he has acted with the Democratic party, being of a strongly conservative temperament. He has been a trusted counsellor of the party, but living in a Republican State and Congressional district, has had little connection with public office. He has represented the party in all the National Conventions since 1864, and was an intimate adviser of Mr. TILDEN in 1876. He went to Florida in his interest during the dispute which followed the election of that year. He took an active part in the canvasses of 1880 and 1884. He held aloof from State politics in Massachusetts when BUTLER was the candidate for Governor, and in 1883 was one of the fifty-three Democrats who signed a protest against his candidacy. He was a delegate in the State Convention this year, and heartily supported the candidacy of Mr. PRINCE for Governor. Mr. SALTONSTALL achieved a high degree of success in the legal profession, but of late years has devoted himself mainly to the care of trust funds placed in his keeping. He has been prominently connected with charitable and literary enterprises, and has for years been associated with the government of Harvard College, being at present a member of the Board of Overseers.

Mr. SALTONSTALL is a conspicuous representative of the old Massachusetts families of Puritan origin. He is a descendant of Sir RICHARD SALTONSTALL, son of a Lord Mayor of London, who came over with Governor WINTHROP. His grandfather was a physician in Haverhill, and his father was a noted lawyer and scholar of Salem, and at one time Mayor of that city. The Collector is a life-long friend of Secretary ENDICOTT, to whose influence the appointment is credited. He is a member of the Massachusetts Reform Club and of the Civil Service Reform Association, and his ardent support of the reform policy specially commended him to the President. There was a contest for the Collectorship between the friends of Mr. SALTONSTALL and those of Mr. PETER BUTLER. The President offered Mr. SALTONSTALL the position of Sub-Treasurer in Boston, and that of chairman of the Civil Service Commission, but as those places were declined, he testified his confidence in him by giving him the only official position he cared to accept.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ONE of the old-fashioned tall clocks that stood in the corner and ticked so decently that they could be heard out-doors has been bought at auction by a gentleman of Lexington, Massachusetts, for $110. The price paid is small considering the demand that has been created for these clocks by modern fashion, and also considering the fact that this particular clock was made in the year 1774, that at the time of the battle of Lexington it stood in that town in a house which was fired by the British, but from which it was safely removed, and that it is still in perfect running order.

A Chicago reporter, in describing a new building recently, said that its decorations were to include "several griffins of life size," and a number of newspapers have since been asking what the life size of a griffin is. With much sarcasm they demand to be informed whether the reporter went to the Zoological Garden to ascertain, and whether he is now prepared to give some little description of the man who struck Mr. Billy Patterson, or to say what the probabilities are in the case of a boojum who goes in pursuit of a snark.

The work of a Speaker of the House of Commons, and perhaps that of its leader, is nerve-shattering, but the average member of Parliament has a very easy time of it, the London *Truth* thinks. "He drops down to the House about five o'clock and listens to 'questions.' Then he goes away, unless there is likely to be a division before dinner, in which case he hangs about in and out of the House. At eight o'clock the House is empty; every one is dining. This goes on until about 10.30, when it commences to fill. The member of Parliament, however, has learned when a division is expected, and if it pleases him he does not put in an appearance until that hour. A more easy life than that of the average member of Parliament does not exist." Notwithstanding the strong effort here to make it seem as though the person discussed were pretty independent so far as regards the disposal of his own time, it still will not occur to our own Congressmen that the member of Parliament is absolutely oppressed with leisure. Even from the statement quoted it appears that he is in the habit of remaining in London during the session, and of visiting the House at least once a day.

A London butcher wet his thumb and drew it across the back of a Zulu warrior who was exhibiting himself at a show. The butcher feebly explained in the hospital afterward that he wished to see whether the savage was painted. The Zulu was moved to excessive anger, either by the act itself, which was certainly unpleasant, or by the doubt of his genuineness which it implied, and turning, thrust his assegai into the butcher's face, wounding him severely.

People who believe that post-office clerks have inclination and time to read the messages on postal cards will be surprised to learn that a letter sent from Barcelona in Spain, and plainly addressed to Newport, Monmouthshire, England, received so little notice from the post-office clerks of London and New York that it went without delay to Newport, Rhode Island, where the discovery was first made that it had lost its bearings, and was considerably out of its course.

A careful reporter, in describing a very small baby recently born in the State of Georgia, says that "its head was the size of a silver dollar, or, to speak accurately, of eighty cents of *bona fide* currency."

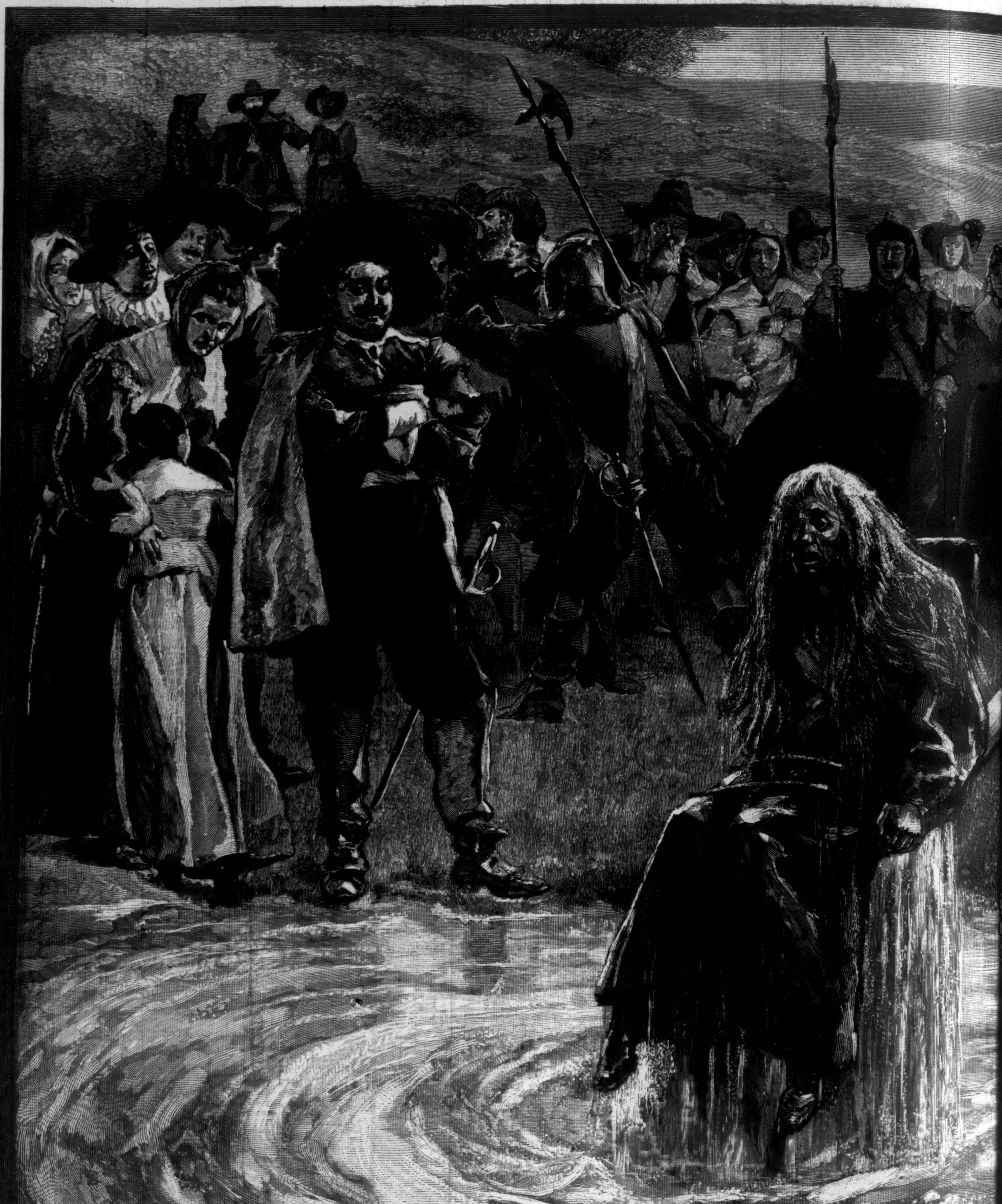
A Spanish soldier who was stricken with catalepsy lay for fifteen months unconscious in a hospital in Havana, and it was believed that he would die. At last the doctors ordered bagpipes to be played at the head of his bed. It was done, whereupon the soldier immediately recovered consciousness, and was rapidly restored to health. The Havana papers which narrate this speak of it as a case of heroic treatment.

It is predicted that "the mechanism of thunder-storms will be settled shortly" by scientific observers who are at work on them in different parts of the world. That would seem to be no more than just retribution. A great deal of other mechanism has been settled shortly by thunder-storms.

Two nuns are living in a convent at Lebedin, Russia, whose ages, according to a St. Petersburg medical journal, are respectively one hundred and one hundred and twelve years.

A mechanic in this town, it is said, has put together an apparatus which at a certain hour in the morning scratches a match and lights the kitchen fire, and half an hour later nudges the person who is expected to get up and make the coffee. Such an apparatus, if trustworthy, should be a great convenience, but it would be hard to think of anything more exasperating than for a contrivance of this sort to nudge the wrong person, after having struck the match in vain.

THE ACCOMMODATING JUMPING-JACK (SHERMAN).



THE DUCKING-STOOL.—DRAWN BY C

BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE EVE OF A CRISIS.

"Oh, Miss Camma, if it must be, then it must, as I always said when the butter wouldn't come, the cow put her foot in the milk pail, and the hens couldn't be brought to set, fair words or foul. But I can't think it's true, any more than when you told me a month ago, that I should ever live to see you married to a Frenchman."

"There may be merits even in unbelief, Ann. Think of those poor foolish people in our village who still believe in wizards, quacks, wise men, and gypsy fortune-tellers. How much better for them if they were a little unbelieving!"

"I'm not going to say anything against Captain Eugène himself, miss. He can't help it, of course, though had he had a finger in the pie, he'd never have chose to be born a Frenchman, I'll be bound. But he is what he is—a pleasant gentleman enough. If he were only Suffolk born and bred!"

"We can't make him that, Ann, now, do what we will. We must resign ourselves to the inevitable," Camma replied, blithely. Then she put her arms round her old nurse, and looked into her face with fondness inquisitorial. "But, nursie, you must not stay in France to be homesick and unhappy. You could live comfortably in Suffolk with your relations."

Ann tossed her head. "Relations! No, thank you, Miss Camma. Relations! relations! I suppose the Almighty sent 'em to scarify us, as farmers do the fields to loosen the weeds. Relations indeed! what good are relations but to spend each other's money, if they can get hold of it, or wait mouth agape to gobble it up when the cold earth covers us? Was it not a relation who persuaded my poor husband to sign a paper which brought the baliffs into our house, and sold us out of our little farm? Was it not our own brother's son who borrowed my poor sister's savings, and sent her broken-hearted to the grave? No, Miss Camma; the only good I can say of this France of yours is that it holds no relations, leastways of mine."

"But you could live by yourself," Camma said. "You will have always plenty of money, of course."

"Oh, Miss Camma, darling!" cried Ann Brindle, fairly overcome, "what are you talking about? Look you, darling, my own sweet poppet died at haysel, your poor mamma at harvest, just as you were short-coated; and when I had you all to myself, and you got to love me so, it seemed as if the Almighty had made me a mother once more. Nobody knows but them who feels it what it is to mother a suckling babe. It makes me bad to think of it. Leave you, miss! Not I, if you were bent on marrying the Sultan of Turkey, or some blackamoor prince of the Cannibal Islands, with twoscore wives at home."

"Dear old Brinny!" cried Camma, caressing her.

"These are our real relations, so I take it," continued Ann—"the folks who summer us and winter us because we're to their minds, not because our name is spelled with the same letters. Relations always remind me of hulver boughs, all very well at Christmas and in their proper place. But begin to handle them familiarly, and you'll feel nasty pricks."

"Well, you and I will make up our minds to be happy in France, away from our relations, then," Camma said. "And, Ann, we shall both be busy soon, you know."

Jeannie's reception of the delicious tidings was as mixed with tears and smiles as that of Ann Brindle herself.

First she wept, then she laughed. Eugène not only betrothed to the bride of his choice, but to a bride amply dowered; Eugène free to carry out his dearest wishes, and fulfill his worthiest ambitions. It was too much.

She realized this accumulation of good fortune, not after her brother's airy, jubilant fashion, but with feelings of deep, almost painful, thankfulness. So true it is, according to French dictum, that joy makes afraid. She felt as if some dire calamity must be impending, in order to keep even the balance of good and evil usually apportioned to mortals on earth.

"Ah!" she said, when the tears of joy were spent, "I shall have my little home near you in Paris; Eugène's protection, your love, will cheer my labors and my solitude. But Millison? How will our joy be spoiled by thoughts of him, his forlornness, perhaps his yearning for old friends!"

Camma looked very sad. "I wish I could feel quite sure that Millison were happy in his new belief and in the prospect of his new career," she said.

"I wish I could too," replied Jeannie; and then she fell into a reverie.

In one sense, the sweet sense of uncertainty, the idyllic life at La Fleurie, had ended for the English Camma and the French Eugène. They might, they must surely, be very happy. Never rosier, dewier dawn heralded perfect summer day. But when once the lover's declaration is made, the maiden's promise accorded, the delightful romance of expectancy is brought to a close. Henceforth the pair are no longer half-confessed, adorable mysteries to each other, but living, breathing, openly avowed human entities, having each his or her especial place in the actual world. Prose now occupies their confabulations in as large a proportion as poetry. The husband to be talks of house rent and servants' wages to the blushing wife elect; she in her turn is proud to tell him how many times she has been to market, or ordered the family dinner.

"To tell you plain truth," Eugène said, "I feel quite disappointed that I am not destined to play the part of your countryman, Sir Arthur, in George Sand's adorable novel, *Jeanne*. You have not read that prose poem? It is the story of an Englishman who carries the romantic English notion of marrying for love to the pitch of wooing a French peasant girl unable to write her own name."

He laughed merrily. "True, I am not at all like George Sand's rich, phlegmatic baronet, still less do you resemble her heroine Jeanne. But, my friend, you have spoiled another kind of romance, too. You should have married me passing off as a girl just possessed of the regulation dowry of an officer's wife; then, without saying a word, set up a brougham, ordered dresses from Worth, furniture, wine; in fact, according to appearances, got into debt, driven me to the verge of suicide. What a *dénouement* for the drama the explanation would make! And now," he added, with a lover's kiss, "there is no room for romance, for emotion. We shall grow stout and gastronomic. My dominant anxiety throughout the day will be whether the cook has put truffles into the pasty. Our only associates will be generals and prefects, and when we drive abroad, people will feel ready to die of envy."

Not, indeed, such natures as his doth joy make afraid. The very genius of joy must have presided at his birth. Just such men as Eugène Hervé will whistle gayly as they mind the cradle of their latest born, dine merrily off a lunch of bread and vegetable soup, provided peace and affection reign over the meal, and not curse unkind fate because he is compelled to appear in the streets wearing clothes familiar to the cleaner, and a hat so shabby that only unworldly acquaintance will acknowledge its upliftings.

And Millison? Was he doomed to sit apart from the banquet of happiness? With this life idyllic in the heart of Burgundy must all intimate life of the feelings and emotions close forever? As soon as their holiday should have ended, these three more than happy people have set off for Paris, the city of progress in its white heat, would he indeed carry out his intention and take the directly opposite road, antipodean in a moral as well as physical sense—the road that led to Rome? When Camma hastened to him with that blushing girlish news of hers, the young man behaved exactly as might have been expected of him.

"Now, Camma," said this youthful satirist of men and manners, "you can not expect me to say I am glad. Lived the fellow yet who was glad to hear of a pretty girl marrying any one but himself? Am I sorry, then? Not as far as your Captain Eugène is concerned. He won't do all kinds of mean things in the week-day, and think to whitewash himself by appearing at church on a Sunday. I hope you consider that highly eulogistic?"

A strange mood, half of lethargy, half of reckless surrender to the enjoyment of the hour, seemed to possess Millison now. He was alternately sunk in reverie approaching to torpor, or giving full vent to those wild, uncontrollable animal spirits for which he had ever been noted as a lad. To the future, in so far as it immediately concerned himself, he never alluded. Like some unhappy condemned one who knows that his doom is irrevocable, yet of set purpose shuts his eye to the fact that his earthly hours are numbered, Millison behaved now. The signal of departing summer had been given. Already prelusive drops had fallen from gray gusty heavens, the first yellow leaf was seen in the coppice woods, and the starlings began to confabulate upon their southern flight. Autumn was already here, and winter lagged not far behind. If nothing else called these holiday-makers away, soon the wintry stormcloud would drive them from their little paradise. A wood fire made cheerful the salon at night, and Camma and Jeannie could no longer ramble in the vast abbey gardens in their muslin gowns. Even the sheltered cloisters, the calm, beautiful ambulatory of the departed monks, with its broken arches and flowering creepers, in which so many strolls were taken, wore a chill, damp look.

But to none of these harbingers of approaching winter and imminent departure would Millison pay the slightest heed. The woodlands might sear, the feathered migrants take their departure, the hearth be piled with blazing logs—he remained dumb, till circumstances at last compelled him to speak and to act. In unlooked-for fashion the crisis came.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

It was a mellow afternoon of early October. On just such a day as this the secluded valley of La Fleurie, with its countless streams and grand old abbey church, wore all their witchery. Radiant almost to gorgeousness then the rainbow-colored light from stained-glass window, playing athwart nave and transept, clear as if cut out of pure white alabaster, rather as if a curtain of old Tuscan point-lace, the delicate tracery of the rood screen, indescribably harmonious and poetic the airy proportions and varying light and shadows of the entire building as it rose, a hoary pile amid a world of fairy-like greenery and pastoralness. No less lonely at such moments was that quiet ambulatory adjoining the church—one of those sweet places which has all the advantages of woodland charm, and yet is sheltered from burning sun or unwelcome rain. The birds sang amid the branches outside, and often darted within to fly securely hither and thither, till their curiosity should be satisfied. From the open Gothic arcade forming the outer side could be seen a glorious fir-topped hill and wide-arching blue sky, whilst close underneath stretched sunny sward and monastery gardens, masses of pear and apple blossoms in spring now showing a wealth of foliage turning crimson and gold.

Hither Millison would often saunter alone, sometimes with a book in his pocket, generally, however, in a lazy introspective mood, and here on this golden afternoon Jeannie d'Harcourt felt sure of finding him now.

She was not one of those women who can wear a calm front in critical moments.

No sooner did Millison catch sight of her than the quick, agitated walk told him something was wrong. When they stood face to face he colored with suspense as he got out the bare words, "What has happened?"

Jeannie pointed to the stone embrasure close by, and the pair sat down. "What can have happened but one thing?" she said, speaking slowly and painfully, with wistful, searching glances at her companion. "Camma, Eugène, and I know whither the morrow beckons. Our ways lie straight before us. But the summons for which you must have been prepared has come. Are you ready to obey it?"

Millison turned from red to pale. The dream, then, was over. The idyllic life at La Fleurie was already a thing of the past. On Jeannie's face henceforth he must look no more.

"They are here?—the priests?" he asked.

"No," Jeannie replied, in her turn extremely agitated. "You have yet breathing space, a brief moment for decision. Your fate lies in your own hands this one day. To-morrow your priestly friends claim you; you will belong not to yourself, not to those who love you, but to a law inexorable, impersonal, insensible to feeling as the marble under our feet. Oh," she said, almost on the point of bursting into tears, "it is hard, it is horrible! Think of it, you who have a heart made for affection!"

Red one moment, pale the next, Millison's trembling lips refused utterance.

"Look you," Jeannie added, growing more and more passionate. "Hope, believe, aspire as we will, we *can not* assure ourselves of the life beyond the tomb. We can not aver that we shall be reunited with those we love when this mortal career is over. Is it not, then, incumbent upon us not to stifle and deny, but to cherish, these affections—the purest, most directly Heaven-sent gifts to man? Oh, look into your heart! Ask yourself if indeed it is as you have imagined, if you have the strength to be good without being happy? If not—I speak to you as an elder sister might—if not, then turn vagabond, idler, even reprobate, if you will—anything rather than that abject, that degraded thing, a bad priest!"

Millison was strangely moved, but the pale, handsome, dark-browed face turned toward the window had become for the moment absolutely unreadable. Jeannie could not at all tell what was taking place in the young man's mind. Greatly agitated he evidently was, but what passion swayed him remained as yet unreadable.

"Do not misunderstand me," she added, speaking as persuasively, but in a different voice, a voice that was calm and passionless. "If, indeed, you feel called upon by natural endowment and ardent aspiration to fulfill one of the most solemn rôles a man can play, then I have not a word more to utter, except, 'Follow the inner voice, the voice divine, and Heaven's blessing accompany you.' But is it so? We are perhaps on the eve of a life-long separation. Let your heart to your friend now speak."

"And if it did," began Millison, his expressive face still half averted, a boyish, ingenuous blush mantling his features—"if, indeed, my heart spoke now, it would say—" He turned round quickly and confronted his expectant listener; the obstructive shyness seemed to have vanished, he knew not how. He felt able at least to unbosom himself. The moments were very precious. "It would say, *My friend, I love you*," he blurted forth.

Was Jeannie astounded at such a confession? He did not know; he could not guess.

She answered quickly, with an expression of shocked, almost agonized, surprise: "Use the word friendship if you will. But love, love—what may an intending seminarist have to do with love?"

A thought was evidently on Millison's lips now he hesitated to utter. "My friend," he began again—it was wonderful how the newly acquired power to use those sweet French words made everything else seem easy—"my friend, if it were not so, if no intending seminarist spoke now, what would your answer be?"

Jeannie's face still expressed deprecation only. "Think of actualities, of what is," she said, in a tone of solemn appeal. "Till you have wrestled with yourself and discovered for once and for all how it stands with your conscience and your God, till you have cast aside these lendings of a new creed, a new conviction, never mention that word. I can not, I dare not, hearken to it from your lips. Think well, then; ponder on the issues before you. You have put your hand to the plough: do you retreat or go on?"

She gazed upon the young man's face, alas! only too readable now. Never before had manly, honest passion, the one passion of a life, been written in clearer characters and spread out before any woman's eyes. Then she said, in a tender voice, with rising tears: "This matter is one to lay before God, not a weak mortal like yourself. There is the sanctuary; go in and pray. I await you here." Seeing the reluctance in his face, the foolish lover's reluctance to quit the side of his mistress for a brief half-hour, she added, in low, earnest, hurried tones: "There is ample time for prayer and self-communion. I promise to wait here. Go in, then, but without thoughts of me in your heart. Remember that I am, can be, nothing to you till this conflict is over."

"And then?" asked Millison, unable to keep back a passionate word—"and then?"

Jeannie, extremely agitated, checked his further utterances by a look he dared not disobey. "Oh," she implored, "lose no time! The issues are too fateful. What is human affection, even of purest, sweetest kind, compared to the winning of one soul from self and the world to God? If, indeed, it is as you must once have hoped and believed, if you feel strong enough to undertake this inner warfare, sure of victory in the end, sure of being able, no matter at what fearful cost, to keep the vows exacted of you, then, I say to you, fearlessly go forward." With increased tenderness and appeal she added, looking into his face—no purer angel glances had he ever beheld: "My own friend, my beloved, I may even say, since perhaps we are on the eve of a life-long separation, do not misconstrue anything I may have said to you on this subject in hours gone by. I can not, would not, undo my Catholic bringing up. The world is very selfish, very wicked; human ideals at best pitifully mean and circumscribed. The perfect priest, the true lover of God, of good, was never more needed than in these days, especially in France. Are you equal to the supreme self-sacrifice, the awful renunciation, implied in such a career? Then, if your spirit does not quail before the prospect, go forward boldly and fearlessly. Think of the men's souls to be cleansed by your example, your ministrations, the sinking spirits of women to be uplifted, the lessons of divine purity and charitableness to be taught to all. Say to yourself, 'I will love, I will be happy, but in the true, the divine way. Not in my person, not in my life, poor although they be, shall humanity and Heaven-sent intellect be ashamed.' And when the end comes, when you approach the close of your earthly career, think not you will be sorrowful and forsaken. As beautiful visitants will hover round you the memories of those you have cheered, inspired, upheld in the path of duty. Love, wife, children, scant need of those who live, not for themselves, but for humanity and truth!"

She pointed to the little postern, signaling him to be gone, and he dared not disobey now the command. For a moment, however, he lingered to gaze on the pale rapt face and dark-draped figure in the embrasure. No mere woman's utterances he seemed to have hearkened to just now, but to the voice of some sibyl, a word oracular with fate and destiny.

Not venturing so much as to touch the slender hands clasped as if in silent prayer, he hastened into the quiet, deserted church.

Jeannie watched him disappear, then resting her head upon her hands, remained motionless as a statue. To her also the moment was intense, fraught with painful conflict and self-questioning. Long she waited thus—so long that at last she grew uneasy, and gently stole toward the postern.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THREE-FOLD CONFLICT.

Millison was in no mood for what is generally called prayer. True, he knelt at the altar and murmured a formulary or two; for the moment spiritual exercise ended there. He could not bend his mind to devout contemplation or feeling in the abstract whilst a prey to mental disturbance and overmastering passion—passion newly created so far that he had only just now given it a name. The deliciously bewildering, tumultuous thoughts called up by the confession to Jeannie on the one hand, practical, painful self-questioning on the other—what had they to do with devotion? It did not seem to him that he was in a proper state to seek Divine guidance just yet. When he should have answered two questions for himself, then would be the time to prostrate himself before the cross with the self-abandoned cry, "Am I indeed worthy to be Thy minister?"

In that first moment of being brought face to face with the supreme decision, the life-long yea or nay, one keenly searching, agonized thought drove even Jeannie's image from his mind.

Trembling as he was still with the first consciousness of youthful passion, longing for a woman's tenderness as ardently as any lover could, another feeling, almost equally strong, now asserted itself.

Side by side with love, Pride rose up to claim her own.

He had given his word; up to a certain point he had pledged himself. Was he justified in drawing back at the last? Could he prove a recalcitrant, a runaway, an ignominious levanter?

The young man's haughty, fastidious nature rebelled against a line of conduct equivocal at best, and which, if broadly put, might entail upon him the charge of cowardice. Scorn and ridicule he was indifferent to, so long as they were undeserved. But what if in taking his hand from the plough at the eleventh hour he should be behaving after unmanly, dishonorable fashion? Obligations were manifold. He had promised to dedicate to this new Church not only his life, but his worldly fortune—no inconsiderable one in spite of the Dean's threat of disinheritance. His mother's jointure sooner or later would be his, and that was already, by virtue of his promise, regarded as the Church's due. Would recantation be accepted here? Would compromise be possible? From these thoughts, bitter enough, he turned with all a lover's expansiveness to thoughts of Jeannie.

Was it possible that she loved him, or would ever love him? In that momentary exaltation she had used the words, "My beloved"; but could he see a sign of reciprocated affection of deepest kind here? Oh no; such women would never address a man thus if their hearts were moved with love. Feminine reserve would seal their lips. The thought might exist, but the faltering tongue could not shape it into words. Jeannie seemed absolutely unapproachable, but that very unapproachableness made her all the more exquisite in his eyes. He owned to himself that had he ventured just now so much as to touch her hand or utter her Christian name, the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

spell would have seemed broken. That quiet, finished beauty, that indescribable something that makes a French woman perfect in so far as she is an outward phenomenon, held him captive. He was thrilled, mystified, exalted, as by a rare religious or sensuous perception. He felt that he should never dare to make love to her in the ordinary way. The least little grace expected of favored lover must come from herself unbidden.

It was the first time in his life that Millison Method, so impressionable under the influences of beauty, so susceptible to personal influences generally, and so alert for encouragement and sympathy, had been really fascinated by a beautiful human character. In his dealings with those new friends and spiritual advisers, the priests, he saw that he had been an active, not passive, agent; he had met their advances half-way. Disgusted with himself, his future as shaped by others for him, his social surroundings, he had thrown himself into their arms. Outsiders might accuse them of officiousness, even propagandism; he could only qualify their conduct by the name of ready response. No: in this dire, this dreadful dilemma, he dared cast the blame on no one. He was the sole bungler and botcher of his own fortunes.

Jeannie's friendship had come unexpectedly and unsought, as some sweet twilight that makes poets on a sudden, some indescribable witchery of moon-lit river that fills the longing heart with beauty. He had not ventured to seek her. He had just let her be kind to him, content silently to adore. The thought of her possible love for him he thought would have seemed too much happiness. He could only contemplate it tremblingly.

There remained the third and most vital point yet to think of, in so far as conscience was concerned. Was he in deed and in truth called by inmost, assured faith, to this life-long dedication? Had he the necessary moral courage to insure victory? Were momentary phases of religious introspection and transport sufficient to warrant such a challenge of self and human weakness? From the impending conflicts between flesh and spirit should he emerge triumphant? The unhappy young man thought and thought till his brain was in a whirl, and he could think no longer. Dark, indeed, looked his onward path as he now peered into the future. Not a gleam of hope irradiated an existence shut off from Jeannie d'Harcourt. Life seemed valueless, even burdensome, deprived of such sympathy. The airy, poetic charm of these new creeds and theologies, the vague mysticism that had hitherto afforded consolation, now sank into insignificance by comparison with a pure woman's smile. The ambitions put before him, the prospect of empire over consciences, of furtive yet powerful interference with human affairs, alike on a small or a grand scale—these compensations for a maimed, abnormal existence wore the aspect of chimeras. He saw himself a miserable, wistful, self-reproachful man, unhappy to the last, strong only by fits and starts, atoning for temporary lapses by abject penances and unavailing remorse.

Oh, to be born to such a lot as this—he who might have been so happy! To pay such woful penalty for a single day of sin, one reckless plunge into the life abominable!

Whilst a prey to this black, immense despair, which like a gulf sucked in his spirit, his thoughts reverted to sweet Suffolk days, now far as heaven, it seemed, away. He saw the level meadows—none fairer in England—tapestried with cowslip, wind-flower and lady's-smock, in which he and Camma Joye had played together. He heard the singing of the reapers as they followed home the last wagonful of corn under the glorious harvest-moon. Before his mind's eye rose the undulating banks of his native Orwell and the verdant holms of the sleepy Stour, haunt of wild-duck and curlew. How calm and peaceful and beauteous these memories of the corn country! How little had he dreamed then that life could become so thorny in early manhood. Next he recalled the grave of that dream-mother of his in the daisied church-yard. Poor mother, who, as they told him afterward, wept inconsolably on her dying bed at the prospect of leaving her two-year-old boy. Well for her that she could not see him now, setting forth on his dark self-chosen path, despairing and alone. Meantime the rich effulgence of afternoon had yielded to the tender, subdued glow preceding twilight, and the vast interior of the church was veiled in golden mist. As he lingered thus, taking no account of the fleeting moments, lost in a trance-like despondency, he did not observe a slender woman's figure that now stole noiselessly to his side.

Not, indeed, till she reached the *prie-dieu* on which he knelt, and touched his hand, was he aware of her presence.

Jeannie—for of course it was she—tired of waiting outside in suspense, anxious, too, not to let these intervening hours go too speedily by, just glanced at her companion's face through her veil, and knelt also. That swift, unerring scrutiny told her as clearly as words could do how matters stood with the young man. All his futile self-questioning, his painful wistfulness, his shrinking look toward the future, his inner warfare, she read now as in a book. Moments were becoming very precious, yet Jeannie could not let the chance escape of according a sweet, pure memory, perhaps a consolation, to carry with him wherever he might go. Touching his hand, therefore, as she composed herself into the attitude of prayer, she raised her veil—was it in order that Millison might see her tears?—and whispered, "Let us pray together." For perhaps ten minutes they remained thus, kneeling side by side, Jeannie in her plain black dress and long veil, exacted even in the third year of widowhood in France, having almost a nun-like look, the young man's dark, handsome features, now pale with thought and stained with tears, recalling many a physiognomy of youthful abbé or seminarist. The head and face, indeed, had already a priestly look.

A stranger studying the pair then would have at once, and without doubt, come to the conclusion that they were brother and sister—lovers could hardly wear such an aspect of spiritual exaltation and self-abandonment—on the eve of a life-long separation. That sweet, sad woman (so would any casual physiognomist have taken for granted at once) was about to quit the world, and take upon herself the vows of a cloistered sisterhood. Her companion—surely there could be no mistake here either—actuated by some similar disenchantment with life, or by fancied fitness for self-abnegation, had determined to adopt the garb of a Dominican brother or Capucin monk.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

ALTHOUGH JOHN McCULLOUGH was not one of those great actors whose career marks epochs in the history of the stage, his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-three years, just at the time when his artistic and physical powers had reached maturity, is a serious loss to the American theatre, especially as there is no one now capable of becoming a satisfactory substitute for him in the line of heroic characters which he had made his own. His loss will be mourned not only by the general public with whom he was so great a favorite, but by his professional associates, and the great host of personal friends who loved him for his fidelity, his generosity, his frankness, and his hearty good-fellowship. There can be no doubt that McCULLOUGH deserved the success which he achieved, but it is not given to many men to enjoy the favors of fortune so fully without exciting the envy of less fortunate rivals. Perhaps, if he had lived longer, he too might have fallen into oblivion, and experienced the bitterness of neglect, the fate of many a veteran doomed to lag superfluous upon the stage, and they who deplore his taking off may find consolation in the thought that he has gone to his rest with all his honors thick upon him, and before the memory of his triumphs had begun to fade.

His career is a striking example of what may be accomplished by bright intelligence, unflinching courage, and dogged perseverance, backed by natural qualifications. Few actors of eminence have had a more humble origin. When he landed in this country, an Irish emigrant lad, the son of a poor chair-maker, he was only just able to read, and could not write at all. By chance he went one night to the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, where he lived with his parents, and saw a performance of SHEIL'S tragedy of *The Apostate*. This was the spark that set fire to his ambition, and from that moment, with no definite purpose save that of self-improvement, he devoted himself to the study of dramatic and other literature. It is related of him that, in his zeal for learning, he familiarized himself with the contents of *Chambers's Encyclopædia of British Literature* in less than a month. About this time he became a member of an amateur dramatic association, and soon afterward he secured an engagement upon the regular boards, making his first appearance in 1857, in the Arch Street Theatre, in the small part of Thomas in *The Belle's Stratagem*. His advancement was slow but certain, and in less than four years he had made so great progress that in 1861 he was engaged to support EDWIN FORREST, then at the height of his fame. The experience which this opportunity gave him was invaluable to him, although the temptation to imitate the peculiarities of FORREST'S style had a dangerous influence upon his own.

The applause lavished in those days upon the tremendous manifestations of mere muscular and vocal power naturally encouraged him to imitation, and in his earlier days his work was marred by undue vehemence. Fortunately his connection with FORREST was severed before his style had become permanently fixed, and he entered into a partnership with LAWRENCE BARRETT in California, which lasted for several years, and benefited him greatly in a pecuniary and artistic sense. It was in 1874 that he made his first appearance as a star actor in New York, playing Spartacus in Booth's Theatre. It was generally understood that he aspired to wear the mantle which had fallen from the dead shoulders of his former chief, and the public hailed him with enthusiasm. His noble presence, splendid fire, and resonant voice seemed to mark him as the heroic actor of the future, and the populace accepted him as a star of the first magnitude, although his turbulence still offended critical taste. After playing a round of characters he again went to the West, to return to New York three years later, when he was seen as Virginius, and won a triumph which placed him permanently in the front rank of American actors. From that time until the beginning of his fatal sickness his career was one uninterrupted series of successes, not only in his adopted country, but in London, which he visited in 1881.

The capacity of Mr. McCULLOUGH was brilliant in quality, but limited in scope. He was not endowed with the powers of versatility and imagination, which are conferred by genius alone. He enacted many parts, but his fame will be associated hereafter with very few, and most of these bear a strong family resemblance to each other. It was as the representative of the noble Roman that he stood pre-eminent. His Virginius was his masterpiece undoubtedly, but his Spartacus and Brutus (in PAYNE'S tragedy) were scarcely inferior to it. All of them were marked by a breadth and simplicity of style, an imperial dignity of carriage, a fiery passion, and a depth of pathos which wrought an extraordinary effect. The directness of the methods employed, the nice finish of the execution, and the pervading impression of innate nobility of soul, conveyed by many significant little touches, gave them very high dramatic and artistic value. His comprehension of this particular type of human nature was wonderfully exact and full, because his own personal characteristics belonged to the same order.

In the interpretation of characters dealing with the emotions of the heart he rarely failed, but the subtleties of intellectual types eluded him. His Coriolanus, for instance, was only good in the stormy scenes, his Richelieu was purely mechanical, his Richard III. almost wholly bad. His Ingomar was effective, but lacked romance and imagination, and so on through the list. His Jack Cade, Metamora, and other parts of that kind were good enough in their way, but the way was a bad one, and was happily abandoned. His Othello was in some respects the best upon the English stage.

Of late he confined himself almost entirely to the Roman parts in which he excelled, and the standard which he established will not soon be surpassed. He won fame and fortune by conscientious study, laborious practice, and a faithful use of the talent intrusted to him. He triumphed because he condescended to learn his business, and his life contains a lesson which the actors of the rising generation will do well to lay to heart.

THE "ALGOMA" DISASTER.

THE wreck of the fine steel steamer *Algoma* on Lake Superior, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, at an early hour on Saturday morning, November 7, has added another and frightful disaster to the long list with which the rocky and dangerous north shore of that treacherous lake is already accredited. In the case of this shipwreck, horror accumulated upon horror in each day's telling of the tale, the first report furnishing but a faint idea of the magnitude of the disaster. Instead of the loss of forty lives, as reported on Wednesday morning last, the list of victims was found to run up to more than double that number.

Isle Royal, where the wreck occurred, stretches its forbidding form across the mouth of Thunder Bay, about forty miles distant from Port Arthur. It is a rocky and desolate island, uninhabited at the present day except by a few fishermen. Scattered about its barren length are a few old and long since deserted copper mines, which were doubtless at one time worked extensively by the Indians. Within sight of Isle Royal on a clear day rises the towering figure of Thunder Cape, the highest point on the lake. Nature has dealt with the north shore of Lake Superior very much after the manner of her treatment of the rugged coast of Maine, throwing up great battlements of trap-rock in many weird and fantastic shapes. It is here that Santa Claus Island rises up out of the deep water like a great gray ghost; and not far distant is a rocky formation known as "The Chapel," which is composed of four mighty columns upon which rests a rocky roof.

The *Algoma* left the port of Owen Sound on the afternoon of Thursday, the 5th inst., bound for Port Arthur, a picture of which port is shown in this issue. All went well until midnight of Friday, when a heavy gale set in, accompanied by a blinding fall of rain and sleet, which afterward turned to snow. From first accounts of the disaster it was supposed that the captain was making for Rock Harbor in Isle Royal; but from the statements of Captain MOORE, who has had wide experience in lake navigation, it appears that he was endeavoring to wear ship, in order to stand out further from the dangerous shore, when the steamer struck aft. In less than twenty minutes she settled, the seas making a clean break over her and smashing her to pieces. She parted just forward of the boiler, and her freight was washed out and tossed furiously about by the waves. This was at 4.40 o'clock on Saturday morning. Many of the passengers were in their berths when the vessel struck, and rushing upon deck, were swept, half clad, into the icy waters of the lake. Even in midsummer the waters of Lake Superior are very cold, and the struggles of those who were swept overboard into this frigid sea must have been of short duration. But three of those who jumped or were swept into the water reached the shore in safety. The stern of the steamer was finally driven so tightly upon the ledge of rock as to hold there, and the survivors remained huddled together on the deck. The captain had been injured by a falling timber, but he is reported as having heroically struggled to keep up the courage and hopes of the terrified passengers. Upon this wave-swept remnant of the ship the survivors clung without food or shelter for twenty-four hours, when on Sunday morning they managed to construct a raft, and by the aid of those who had previously reached the shore were landed on Isle Royal. A fisherman's hut afforded partial accommodations for them, and on Monday they were rescued by the *Athabasca*.

THE BLAST-FURNACES OF PITTSBURGH AT NIGHT.

To the non-commercial mind the statement that $62,000,000 are invested in the manufacture of iron and steel at Pittsburgh, that 50,000 men are employed at the furnaces and mills, and that the value of their product last year was $102,000,000, conveys only a hazy idea of extensive machinery and great forces. The economic value of this vast output of a single city, where the second furnace was built only twenty-six years ago, may be made clearer by comparison with the total product of these manufactures in the Union. The total product of pig-iron in the United States in 1884 was somewhat less than 5,000,000 tons; in Pittsburgh alone, 487,000 tons; and in all western Pennsylvania, 838,000 tons. Of Bessemer steel, in the whole Union, about 1,000,000 tons; in Allegheny County, 328,000 tons of steel of all kinds. Of rolled iron, in the whole Union, 2,000,000 tons; in Allegheny County, 408,000 tons. How great the power is that is there expended, how magnificent a spectacle these great works afford, and how important a function of modern civilization they perform, can be conceived by the reader who is not at home in dealing with the statistics of manufacture only by taking them out of the category of what we mean in our usual use of the word manufactures, and by considering them as historic as well as economic facts of commanding importance.

Across the Monongahela River from the city of Pittsburgh proper, and directly opposite the point of its confluence with the Allegheny, are Duquesne Heights. Between the bank of the river and the base of the steep bluff is a narrow strip of lowland. Here, where the two mountain streams form the Ohio, is as magnificent a view of the most gigantic industries as can be seen anywhere along the banks of the Ohio, which, from Pittsburgh to Cairo, runs through the country that during these twenty years has become the home of such extensive manufactories. For miles along the banks of the three rivers the stacks of forges and furnaces and foundries, many of which are never idle, present a more magnificent spectacle by night than by day. You must ascend the Heights on an inclined railway for a view that takes away memory of the giddy ascent. Directly below you an illuminator of natural gas sends up its orange flame, and round about it other flames from the furnaces make visible all the mills, the three rivers, where miles of coal and coke flats and stern-wheel steamers line their borders, the succession of bridges, a long line of railroad, and the two cities.

The gas-lights and even the electric lights are dim by comparison with the flames of natural gas and of the stacks. It is within the range of vision from this eminence that by far the greater part of this $100,000,000 of Pittsburgh's annual contribution to the world's wealth of iron and steel manufactures is made. The "centre of production" of iron in the United States is here, and one can not stand on any other spot in the Union and see so many heavy manufactories at a glance.

The first process in the manufacture of iron or steel is done, of course, by the blast-furnace, one of which is the subject of the accompanying illustration. How high the stack is a stranger would not guess until he ascended it, so large is the hooped and bolted and thickly built and fire-proof-lined furnace at the base. The ores, properly mixed with one another, and with coke and limestone, are hoisted and dumped into it. An engine, or engines, in whose boilers the gaseous fuel burns with an incessant roar, blow the blast that converts the admixture into a molten mass, and sends a flame out the stack. A furnace is not filled and emptied and filled again: it is constantly filling, and is discharged as the chemical process is completed, with a portion of the contents, the blast meanwhile doing its work with the rest. There are little windows, hardly larger than a silver dollar, in projecting arms from the furnace near its base, through which the progress of the melting is observed. The furnace is "tapped" first for "slag," or refuse, which in a red-hot stream flows off through a ditch in the sand. Then lower down it is "tapped" again for the iron.

At first, when a small aperture has been made in the fire-clay with which the "tap" has been sealed, the metal squirts and flows in a dull stream; as the aperture becomes larger, the sparks from the red-hot mass fill the air and obscure men and furnace from view. They throw sand on it, to restrain this unpleasant pyrotechnic display, until the stream is under control. The floor of sand is divided into compartments, into which the stream is directed until they are filled.

The red river is divided into rivulets and creeks and little threads of streams until the discharge has all been conveyed to these sandy moulds. When it solidifies it is pig-iron, and the simple but Titanic process of its conversion from ore has been completed.

There are in and about Pittsburgh seventeen blast-furnaces, which employ $5,000,000 and 2500 men. Yet all that they do is but the first of the interesting processes to which the ore is submitted before it becomes steel rails, or nails, or any of the thousands of shapes that it finally takes.

OSTRICH FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

IN March, 1883, the California Ostrich-farming Company was incorporated to demonstrate the practicability of raising ostriches profitably in this country, and a farm was bought in Los Angeles County. The climate and conditions were considered all that were necessary for its success by the promoters of this enterprise, comparing very favorably with South Africa, to which country this bird is indigenous. A capital stock of $30,000 was subscribed, and the work was immediately begun with twenty-two imported birds, under the superintendence of the writer, who had had considerable experience as an ostrich farmer in South Africa.

Ostrich farming in that country has developed enormously in the seventeen years during which it has been prosecuted. It is estimated that $40,000,000 is invested in the industry in Cape Colony alone, not to mention the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal. Seven million dollars' worth of feathers is exported annually. Half of them come to this country, paying an import duty of fifty and twenty-five per cent. upon raw and dressed feathers respectively.

The feathers have become the second largest export of South Africa, diamonds heading the list. In order to protect this valuable industry, the South African government has imposed an export duty of $500 on each bird of any age,

and $125 on each egg. This duty has been levied since November, 1884.

The illustrations will give an idea of the California farm and its arrangements. The breeding birds are confined in a close corral, eight feet high, inclosing about ten acres of land. This is again subdivided by board fences into twelve breeding corrals, ten of which contain each a pair or trio of breeding birds.

The farm consists of 200 acres, and is cultivated exclusively for the birds. Upward of 100 acres are sown with alfalfa (lucerne), which is inclosed as required with board fencing, as pasture for the young birds. This acreage will support upward of 2000 birds.

The breeding birds are fed twice a day with alfalfa cut up by horse-power. About forty pounds is given to each bird per day, in addition to which corn, doura, cabbages, turnips, carrots, onions, and other vegetables are fed as a change of diet, and shells and stones are also given in abundance to aid digestion and to provide egg-shell material.

THE FIRST OSTRICHES HATCHED IN CALIFORNIA, TEN MONTHS OLD.

The ostrich makes its nest by scratching a hole in the ground about four feet in diameter and eight or ten inches deep. In this nest the female lays from fourteen to sixteen eggs, which are then sat upon by both male and female, the female sitting during the day and the male during the night. The process of incubation takes forty-two days, after which the chicks are taken great care of by the old birds until the age of one month, when they are separated from the old ones, and the hens in a few weeks begin to lay again.

If the eggs are taken from the nest as laid, and hatched artificially, a hen will often lay from twenty-five to thirty eggs before stopping. They lay every other day, and will frequently lay three batches during the season. Some good birds will lay as many as ninety eggs during the year. An egg from a mature bird will weigh from three and a half to four pounds, and measure sixteen inches by eighteen in circumference.

A pair of first-class guaranteed birds will produce from forty to seventy chicks per year. These begin to lay at the age of four years, although they are not "guaranteed breeders" until they have produced a record—that is, until they have produced from forty to seventy chicks per year for several years in succession. They are then valuable birds, and distinguishable from simple "breeding birds," which are birds that have just arrived at the breeding age of four years, or have been found to be inferior birds.

Many birds are barren, many lay infertile eggs; therefore the success of ostrich farming depends, in the first place, on an adequate and practical knowledge of the business in all its branches; secondly, on having a few first-class "guaranteed breeders" that can be relied upon. Many of the largest ostrich farmers in South Africa began with two or three pairs of birds. The rate at which these birds increase after the first four or five years is marvellous, and sufficiently explains the rapid fortunes made in ostrich farming in South Africa.

A PAIR OF BREEDING BIRDS.

THE ARTESIAN WELL.

The adult birds are plucked every seven or eight months, each bird, male or female, producing twenty-five long white feathers in each wing, worth in this country from three to five dollars each in the raw state. The chicks are first plucked at the age of six months, and every seven or eight months afterward. At two years they are producing feathers worth two dollars each, and at three to three and a half years they are producing their finest plumage. The ostrich is a long-lived bird, living probably to one hundred years. There are birds in Africa known to be over eighty years old, and still breeding.

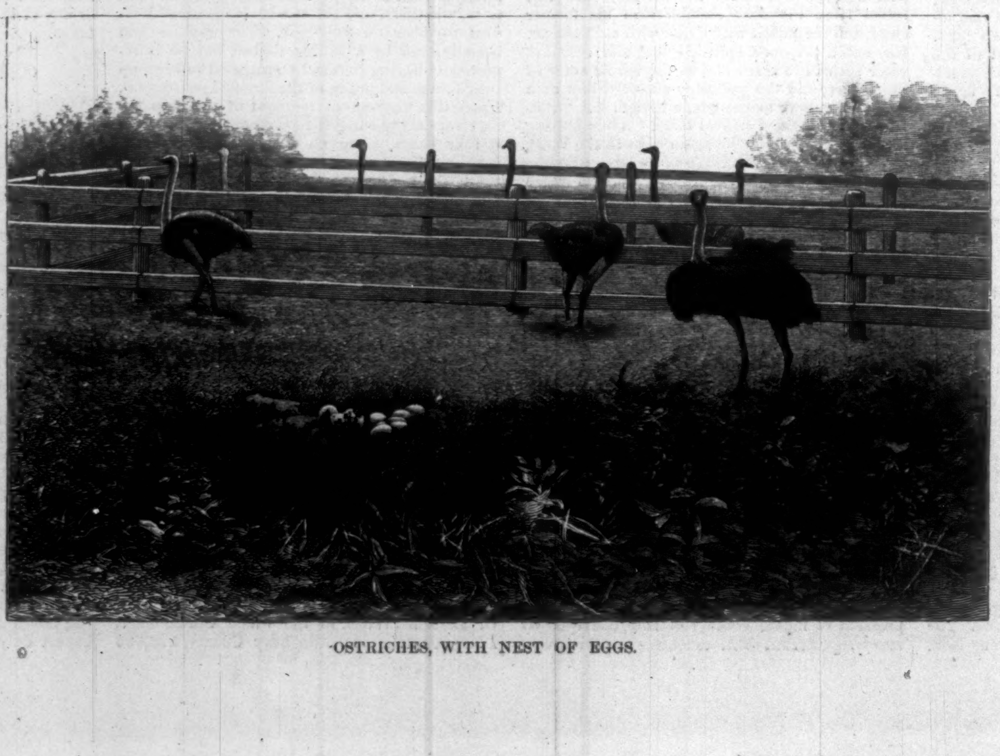
The quality of the feathers depends entirely upon the quality and quantity of food. To produce a good feather, as in producing good wool, an abundance of green food must be given, together with a sufficiency of corn. This fact is very generally overlooked even in Africa, it being the prevalent opinion that an ostrich will flourish well upon rocks and sand, and that it requires very little water. This is the cause of the many inferior shipments of feathers from tame birds in Africa, and of the downfall of many of the inexperienced ostrich farmers there. This country has a great advantage over South Africa in its irrigation facilities, an abundance of green food being obtainable all the year round by means of flowing Artesian wells and irrigation ditches from the rivers. In Africa the periodical droughts form one of the chief drawbacks to success, and great numbers of birds die every year or two from this cause.

During the breeding season especially the male birds are exceedingly savage and dangerous. They attack by striking forward with the foot, one toe of which is armed with a claw two inches in length, and strong enough to rip open a horse. Many accidents are the result of carelessness, and deaths from this cause are not uncommon. The speed of the ostrich is proverbial; and it may be interesting to know that the stride of the ostrich when at full speed is twenty-two feet. Wild birds are now very scarce. The male bird utters a cry much like the fog-horn of a steamer; it can be heard a distance of two or three miles, and throughout the breeding season the males are "bromming," as it is called in Africa, the whole night long.

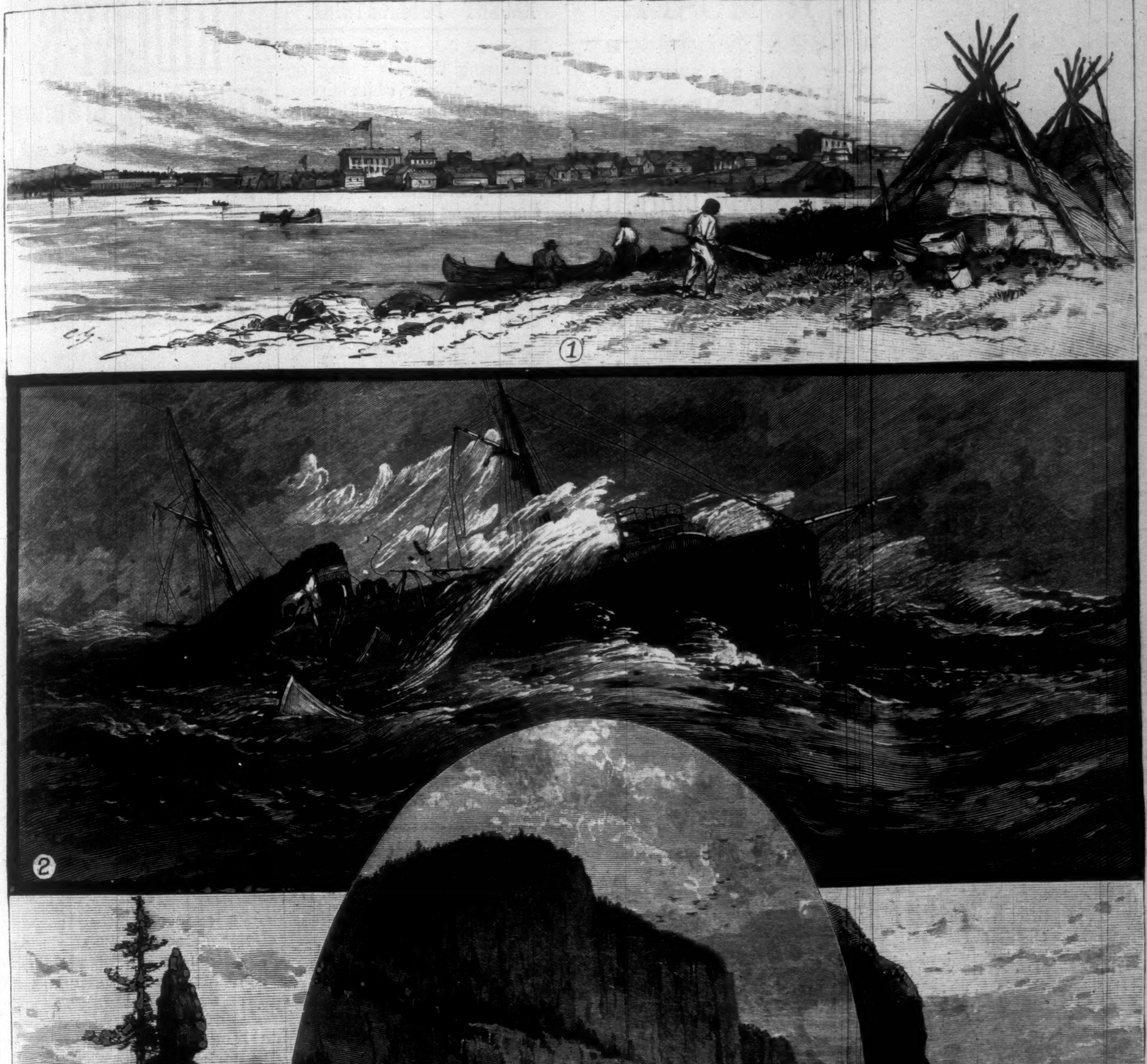
From the past two years' experiment there is every reason to believe that there is a great future for this industry in California. The feathers produced on this farm are inferior to none produced in Africa, although special attention has been paid to the raising of chicks to prove the practicability of prosecuting the industry in this country as a paying business. This has been sufficiently proved with the inferior birds at our command. We have a number of fine, strong, healthy chicks hatched already this year.

The climate of this portion of the State appears to be favorable to the ostrich. I have never seen birds more vigorous or in finer condition in any part of Africa, and I am convinced that the time is not far distant when ostrich farming will be one of the leading industries of the State of California.

CHARLES Y. SKETCHLEY,
SUP'T CALIFORNIA OSTRICH-FARMING CO.



OSTRICHES, WITH NEST OF EGGS.



THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR—SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

1. Port Arthur. 2. The Wreck. 3. From the Top of Thunder Cape. 4. Thunder Cape from the Lake. 5. Santa Claus Island.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. Adolph Ott, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening, without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."—[*Adv.*]

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first; why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I *feel* ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use Burnett's Flavoring Extracts—the best.—[*Adv.*]

It is very pleasant to travel nowadays, but a trip to Boston, from New York or Albany, is rendered more delightful by travelling in the magnificent drawing-room cars on the Boston and Albany R. R.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N.J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

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Of the New Carlsbad Jewel Ware,
FACTORY PRICES.

R. MOSER.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(The Worcestershire)

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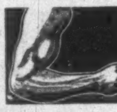

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